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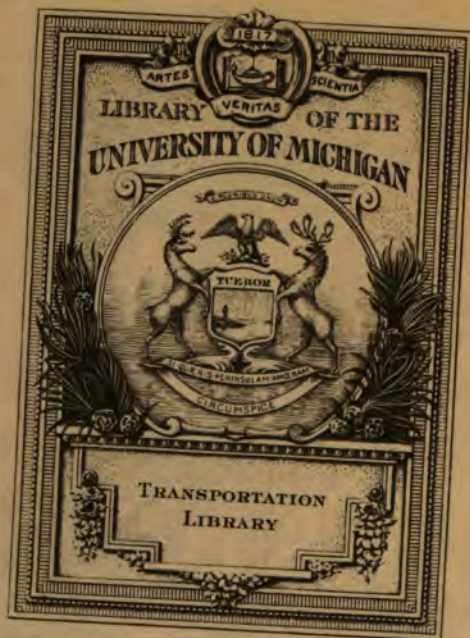
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*Hickey, William,*

# HINTS

ADDRESSED TO

THE SMALL HOLDERS AND PEASANTRY  
OF IRELAND,

ON

ROAD-MAKING,

AND ON

VENTILATION,

&c. &c.

---

BY MARTIN DOYLE, *author of*

Author of "Hints to Small Farmers," "Irish Cottagers," &c.

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## PREFACE.

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Before the closing of the year,  
Must Martin once again appear.  
In truth, 'twixt Mrs. Doyle's orations,  
And many other botherations,  
He scarcely ever has had time,  
To write in either prose or rhyme :  
Some leisure now and then he gains,  
And when he does he spares no pains  
To serve and please his humble friends,  
So read with care what now he sends ;—  
And first, he begs no more delays—  
Pray *mend your roads*, and *all your ways*.  
He hates to see your rugged lanes,  
They prove to him you take no pains.  
The precept says, "Thou shalt not rob,"  
'Tis breaking it, on road to *job*.  
Admit *pure air*, 'twill aid your health ;  
In that, you know, consists your wealth.  
When *fever* lurks delay not cure,  
But haste some med'cine to procure.  
In every chapter, if you'll mind,  
Instruction you will surely find.  
There's nought in earth, in sea, or air,  
But you may find a lesson there :  
Then raise your thoughts, *enlarge your mind*,  
And greater happiness you'll find.  
So end these lines, with kind adieu !  
May ev'ry blessing rest on you.  
May plenty rest on Erin's soil !  
So prays your faithful

MARTIN DOYLE.

*Ballycorley, Oct. 1880.*



**HINTS**  
ON  
**ROAD-MAKING, AND ON VENTILATION,**  
&c. &c.



No. 2.

## RURAL AFFAIRS OF IRELAND.

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“ This is a valuable little volume—valuable because practical, plain, and rational. It is not inflated by theoretical dreams of what should, but common sense directions of what may, be done. The Work should be in the hands of *every rural improver*, not in Ireland only, but every where else.”—*Louden's Gardener's Magazine*, October, 1829.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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FROM THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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FROM THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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# HINTS ON ROAD WORK,

&c. &c.

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No. I.

## *Road Work.*

MANY of you being frequently occupied in the capacities of Deputy Supervisor, Contractor, or Overseer, or on a *little bit of a presentment*, which the landlord, (long life to him,) procures for you, to *make a pass to the bog, to fill up an ugly gripe, or to cut down a piece of a hill* near his honor's house, or any other such matter, to help out the rent, I shall not only give you a few general hints on the subject of road work, but connect and abridge for you, in one short chapter, the instructions which have been furnished by the most experienced road makers. \*

First—I shall address myself to those of you who are *Deputy Supervisors* :—

You are in a place of trust—if you have the care of the usual length of road, (eight miles,) the expenditure of about £100 a year is committed to your judgment and watchfulness, and your salaries are about £20 a year each. Now you should do a great deal for this ; not merely going hastily over your work a fortnight before each assizes, to make

\* Messrs. M'Adam and Telford in particular.

an imposing show at the periods when the public are likely to make their observations, but always looking to the state of your roads, knowing that "a stitch in time saves nine," taking especial care that water does not overflow, that the side channels, or water-tables are clear, ruts carefully filled, with small stones, all inequalities of height levelled with the pick and iron rake, and every stone projecting above the surface taken up, smashed, and laid down again in the hole from which it had been taken; you should be here, and there, and every where, never allowing damage or trespass of any kind to remain unrepaired or unchecked a moment longer than is unavoidable. If you fulfil your duty, no men are more useful than you, nor more likely to prevent a very heavy expenditure of county funds; and that *many* of you, under the eye of active, intelligent, and judicious Supervisors, *are*, from necessity or principle, very painstaking and attentive, I am well aware—but some of you are taken from the class of small holders who are too idle or stupid to manage their own farms properly, and who require a little jobbing to pay arrears of rent; others of you are inclined to take matters very easily, to give up as little time as possible to your road work, and to bestow it upon other objects; and unquestionably many of you are deficient (however well intentioned) in scientific skill, as a view of the public roads will, in many instances, abundantly testify, and as you will admit, if you go to the end of this and the succeeding chapters on this subject. And *all* of you, perhaps, might do *something more* than you perform at present;—you, in common with all other road Overseers, have the power of preventing many injuries and nuisances, and should neither be *afraid* nor unwilling to summon before the proper court, every obstinate or wilful offender, who cuts away the sides of the road with his spade, or suffers his pigs to tear them with their unringed snouts, or who



makes dykes, stops water courses, or neglects to clear them.\*

Those who contribute funds for road works, have a right to expect a conscientious, economical, and judicious outlay of them—and that all those who undertake to make or mend roads, should attend to the task which they voluntarily undertake, and should

\* The powers of road overseers are not as generally known as they ought to be. The following extracts from the Road Act, 36 Geo. III. should be circulated in every parish:—  
 “And be it further enacted, that if any person shall scour, deepen, widen, or fill up any ditch or drain on the side of any road without the consent or direction of one of the overseers thereof, or of the conservator appointed for the barony or half barony wherein the same is made or erected; or if any owner or occupier shall omit to scour any ditch or drain leading from any public road, so as to give full liberty to the water to pass away, within ten days after notice shall be given to him or her so to do by such overseer or conservator, or shall permit or suffer the free passage of the water to be obstructed, by making or having any way or passage from any road into the lands adjoining, or to his or her house without a sufficient pipe, sewer, or gullet underneath it; ..... or shall, without the consent of the overseer or conservator, scrape any public road, or cut any sod or turf on the side of any such road; or take away any earth, clay, stones, or gravel therefrom; ..... every person so offending shall upon conviction by the oath of one credible witness before any Justice of the Peace within his jurisdiction, or upon the view of any such Justice, forfeit a sum not exceeding ten shillings, for every such offence; and it shall be lawful for any overseer or conservator to fill up any ditch or drain which shall be scoured, deepened, or widened, or to scour any drains which have been filled on the side of any road without such direction or consent, and to scour or deepen any drain or ditch leading from any road which shall be omitted to be scoured or deepened after such notice as aforesaid, and to remove any way or passage from any road into any adjoining land, or to any house, which may obstruct the free passage of the water, and to re-make the same by building a gullet, sewer, or arch therein, and to remove any brick or lime-kiln, weeds or vegetables for making ashes, which shall be burning, or any flax which shall be steeped or drying within one hundred feet of the centre of any public road, ..... and to pull down or fill up and level any wall, drain, or ditch, which shall be built or made contrary to this act, and to re-



**HINTS**  
ON  
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&c. &c.



No. 2.

quantity of work executed in this way, there is no cause for lamenting that the most helpless portion of the working classes is thus employed; because in this country, in which there are no poor rates, the money which is assessed for road-work, is well applied in the employment of this helpless portion of labourers, who would otherwise starve. Well, what do I expect from you? not that you should advance out of your own pockets money for the payment of those necessitous creatures; this, from your situation of life, you cannot have the means of doing; and even if you had, the loss of interest on such advance, would be an unreasonable deduction from your salaries. I do not, I repeat, expect this from you, (whatever I may look for, from the gentlemen of rank and property, who employ you as their agents in the case,) but I expect, whenever you have credit sufficient to procure in advance from the farmer, the miller, or the clothier, potatoes, meal, or clothing for those poor people, that you will not charge them one fraction more to *your own benefit*, for procuring them the needed accommodation: be assured, that the farmer, the miller, and the shop-keeper, will themselves charge a sufficient amount of interest; and if in addition to this, (a fair and reasonable charge,) you shall lay on an additional impost for your own profit, (which would be neither fair nor reasonable,) you will act as 'unjust stewards:' *this*, I expect, that neither you yourselves will charge them, nor connive at any other persons charging them, even though the poor wretches should contentedly submit to the usury, more than the legal interest on the advance; the necessitous have often taken 8d, instead of 10d, on being paid *six months before hand*—*forty per cent* wrung from a poor man's pocket! Oh! take not such advantage of their bitter wants—make no profit of their miseries!

*Contractors*, when you discharge your duty, and

expend on roads previously put into good order, the very small sum usually allowed on contracts (4½d per perch,) I am perfectly satisfied, that no other mode of repairing is so cheap, nor so effectually guards against road injuries; but I should wish to make you *prove* to the actual expenditure of the money; a mere certificate from one or two individuals, that the road is in good order, is not in my judgment sufficient; let us have actual responsibility, and an *accurate account of the expenditure*. And farther, I wish to see these contracts in the hands of the gentry, who are interested in the preservation of the roads about them, ready to lay out *every shilling* allowed them, and more if necessary; not entrusted to those, whose means of living are perhaps squeezed out of the profits which these contracts afford. This contract system is, however, made available in cases where it is not intended to take effect, and where it does not adequately serve the purpose. For instance, in retired places which have not the advantage of a resident grand juror, nor of any other person possessing influence enough to obtain a presentment for repairing a road desperately out of order, a contract is taken out at the miserably low rate of 4½ per perch, as a kind of forlorn hope for putting this desperate road into passable order. Now, since the contractor swears at the time of his making his first half-yearly application for his money, "That the said perches, and every part thereof, have been kept in good and sufficient repair and condition since the commencement of the contract; and that the said perches and every part thereof, are now in good and sufficient repair and condition, and of the width by law required," although he has had neither time nor money for putting this desperate road into order, nor even for widening it to the necessary limit,) I must tell him that this contract-system is utterly valueless, since the object is to repair a *very bad road*; and I must 'hint' to him, that there is some-

thing which, in my apprehension, is much akin to perjury in his affidavit.

*Presentment overseers*, it is your business and your sworn obligation to make a fair return of every man and horse, (as few horses as possible) and to pay them to the uttermost farthing. Let me hear of no humbugging—no undue partialities—no shutting of the eyes to laziness, and half work, and short hours—no employment for half-dead horses, scarcely able to drag their tails after them, for the purpose of earning 2s. 6d, or 2s. a-day, *towards the next gale*, when probably, a man with a single wheel-barrow, and certainly\* *with a two wheel-one*, would do as much, or more—no underhand bargaining for men at 8d a-day or 10d a-day, with the charge of 1s. to the county—(at the same time for *conscience-sake* or what is better called *cheating the devil in the dark*,) giving the full hire with one hand, and receiving the abstracted part with the other. But I really do not suspect a great portion of you of such iniquity; yet, undoubtedly *some* of you, when you retire to bed, ought to think of what I have been ‘hinting,’ and to feel that you have not been a *bit too honest*; that a little *restitution* will do you no harm; and that you have been too much in the practice of cunping, and of breaking the commandment which forbids dishonesty, if not in the actual letter, most wofully in the spirit. But let me have done with my lecture upon the moral part of the matter, and proceed with such rules and directions for road-making, and road-mending, as my own observations, and the already published authorities† of more experienced men may supply.

\* In lowering hills barrows of this kind should be exclusively used.

† See London’s Encyclopædia of Agriculture, a work more copious and satisfactory on every thing connected with husbandry, than has (in all probability) ever appeared in any country of the world—an inexhaustible mine from which abundant matter of the highest value may be drawn.

## No. II.

*The subject of forming a Road, may be considered as to level, breadth, shape, drainage, and foundation — Materials for covering, their size and nature — fences.*

**Level.**—In speaking of the great wisdom of our forefathers, we certainly should not instance the level of most of our old roads in those places where hills intervene. Wherever one of those, however high, was to be passed, the road was always taken over its summit, by way of a short cut. The folly of this rule, besides the danger and extreme difficulty of going up and down steep hills, will appear plain to any of you, who will take a round potato (it need not be hot) in your hands, and draw two lines round the middle, crossing each other at right angles—if the potato be quite round, these lines will be of the same length, and as you hold the potato, one will be perpendicular, and the other flat or horizontal—so is the passage sometimes over or round a hill; a horizontal cut round the bottom of it is frequently as short as a steep and upright road, carried straightly over it, up and down, one half of which is a tremendous pull upwards, breaking the heart, or the wind of every horse doomed to draw up a load; and the other half, a descent dangerous to travellers, and destructive to the fore-feet and shoulders of cattle—tedious in surmounting and descending; whereas there is neither labour nor danger to man or horse in going round it; and even if the horizontal round be greater

than that over the hill, the time saved in the rate of going by the former way, the saving of labour, and of exhaustion of cattle and the great increase of burden drawn, as well as the exemption from injuries, by heavy falls of rain, make it plain, that in this respect, our ancestors were dunderheads. I myself have travelled very briskly on roads almost as flat and level as a pan-cake, along the base of mountains in the highland districts of Scotland. In our county of Kerry, there are some new roads *round the* mountains, which certainly are more pleasant, safe, and expeditious, than if, according to the old plan, they had been directed *over* them. But now a-days, no one with common discernment, would imitate the wisdom of our forefathers in slowly climbing over a hill, if he could trot briskly round it; yet even still, there is frequent inattention to the *level* of new lines of road, if not laid out by men of science. Some foolish reason or other is still too frequently urged, on bye-roads, for traversing hills in the old fashion; some tenant's old house, cabbage-garden, or orchard, in the way,—some gentleman's lawn or park more frequently; those for mail-coach intercourse, are usually laid out, as to level I mean, with better judgment—thanks for this, however, to professional engineers. However, a perfect level of great length, is not so desirable for draught—slight and short swellings of ground are useful to horses; they have time to rest their lungs; where a horse dragging a load over a long stretch of road quite level, will be exhausted with fatigue, the same length of road having here and there a gentle rise and fall, will not fatigue him so much; this is easily accounted for—on a road quite level, the draught is always the same without any relaxation, or change; but on rising ground one of his powers is at work, on falling ground another is brought into action; in this way he



is relieved, his different muscles are at different times employed one after another; and this change has not the same tendency to fatigue—it is but a moderate degree of elevation, however, which is recommended.

*The breadth of a Road*, ought to depend on the degree of traffic which is likely to take place on it; every road, however, should be wide enough to allow two of the largest sized carriages, which are in use in the country, to pass each other; and roads near a town, into which many others lead, should be wider than those in retired districts. The Scotch highland roads are, in my judgment, wide enough for any of our *bye-roads*, which are frequently much too wide, occasioning unnecessary waste of land, and expense in the making, and are afterwards utterly neglected at the sides, on which stones and road-scrapings are left to accumulate—after a little time too, perhaps, the farmers, or cabin-holders, on each side, seeing the uselessness of so much breadth, commence a system of gradual encroachments, first cutting away dykes for manure; then, under pretence of filling them up again, making a new range of boundary; thus taking away all the surplus breadth over twenty-one feet, the least which custom and the law allow, for which they, or the proprietors, or former occupiers, had been liberally paid by the grand jury, at the expense of all the land holders in the barony—in truth, 21 feet is breadth enough on what are called bye or cross-roads, on which mail-coaches, or much travelling is unlikely to occur; and to these more private roads used principally for agricultural purposes, I shall principally confine my observations, because these are the roads with which you are more especially concerned.—Well then, let the breadth be 21 feet in the clear—a road narrower than this, is generally in bad order, because all the machines in such case, run in the

same tracks; and as each rut is only about four inches wide, eight inches only, besides the pass in the middle on which the horse travels, will be worn, instead of having the *whole surface* evenly travelled over, which would be the case if the road were of proper *breadth* and construction.

*Shape.*—A road 21 feet wide, should not at the utmost, be more than three inches higher in the centre, than at the sides. Some years ago, it was the custom to raise them in the *crown*, to a much greater height; but by this time, you have probably perceived, that such a practice was a very blundering one—in such case, every vehicle must be drawn in the middle of the road, else if going rapidly and heavy laden at top, it would lose its balance, and be overset by the slightest accident; but, besides the danger of such formation, and the cutting up of the road, if the wheels and horses run in the same narrow track, there is to be added this very convincing fact, that even if we suppose them not to travel in the centre, but on the sides, the uneven pressure of the wheels and horses' hoofs on such arched surface, will occasion woful wear and tear of the road: neither vehicles nor horses have an equal bearing on such convex ground; and of course, instead of firmly pressing down the materials, the tendency is to loosen them by a sideway motion. A wide road must have a greater sideway fall than a narrow one, which more readily frees itself from rain-water, *the distance from the crown to the edge being shorter*—but depend on it, that for the 21 feet roads, which I am more immediately considering, a rise of three inches in the centre is sufficient, and the *formation* with this rise in the middle, must be completed before a single load of stones or gravel is laid down, else the covering will not be of equal thickness, and consequently there will be a waste of materials. On hilly or sloping ground, roads should be almost level

from side to side, 'because as carriages\* running quickly down a hill, are more easily overturned than on flat ground, it would be particularly dangerous in this respect alone, to have much slope on the sides; besides, as the the only object in giving a rounded shape is, to run off the water, and prevent it from lodging; this convexity is unnecessary on falling ground where the water will not lodge, so as to injure it—in fact, upon a high crowned road, more water stands than on a moderately flat one, for the latter is travelled over every inch of it; but in the other there are three furrows made by the horses and wheels, in which the water continually stands; no care of the overseer can prevent this, for as fast as he fills them up, they will be cut open again; for even if there be no real danger in driving nearer the sides, every one who goes in a wheel-machine of any kind, will think that there is, and this apprehension will make him keep the centre, from a natural and salutary solicitude for the integrity of his bones. You will perceive from what has been stated, that *some elevation* is necessary, and that the opposite error of leaving roads *hollow in the middle*, is to be equally avoided—on such formation the rain water must lodge, (for how can it escape, except by *evaporation* from sun and wind, a few weeks in the year) and no materials will bind when soused into water, and left soaking in what has a natural tendency to keep them loose, and work them into mud. By the way, Since example is the best illustration of principle, I may instance as the most *perfect* specimen of *malformation*, the whole line of *mail coach road*, forty Irish miles, from the great city of Dublin to Carlow, excepting a few score perches here and there, and a very few miles in the vicinity of the town. The *sides* are almost throughout higher than the *middle*; the rain,

\* By the general term carriage, is meant, every vehicle on wheels.

therefore, which we all know falls nine months at least in every year, cannot escape; there it lies in mud (unless when the sun in June causes it to evaporate, or the wind in March dries it up, or rather turns it into dust,) to help in grinding into mortar the loosely broken and unevenly spread stones which here and there are thrown on it. Now this road, and many similar ones, could be easily rendered good by simply picking up the high and uneven sides, on which no vehicle ever runs, screening the stuff taken up, breaking the round and loose stones to the proper size, spreading them in the middle, and over all the surface, when properly formed. Wetness is known to be one of the principal causes of the wear and tear of roads, and yet from the bad form of this long line of road, from the accumulation of rubbish along the sides, and the want of proper inclination, the wet is retained in the centre, on which the whole traffic and friction take place, and the expense of fruitlessly filling up holes is infinitely more than it would be, if the road were formed and pared from the centre to the sides, as is the case from Drogheda to Belfast, near which place a perfect system of road making prevails. If accumulations of stones, mud, or clay, are allowed to rest on the road side of a fence, I see no use in the breadth of what is called road; unless the whole surface can be travelled over, the elevated and useless sides may more advantageously be added to the adjoining fields. In short, to *malformation*, in the first instance, is to be attributed the bad state of half our roads, and afterwards to the neglect of lowering the sides when the centre becomes worn and hollow, which would allow a free discharge of the pent up water, and present an extended and smooth surface to the traveller.

**Drainage.**—The first thing to be considered as connected with this head is, to have a sufficient fall to take off the water, so that it should be at all times some inches below the level of the ground

upon which the road is intended to be laid. This must be done either by making drains to the lower ground, or if, from the nature of the country, this cannot be done, by drawing a sufficiency of *filling* on the low parts of the intended line, so as to raise it to a sufficient level above the water. Many people foolishly imagine that if the water (I do not mean rain water,) at each side, is below the gravelled surface of the road; it is sufficient; but *it should be below the level of the surface on which the stones or gravel rest.* To keep this in view, it is most essential to the durability of a road, to have the bed on which the covering materials (what scientific men call road-metal,) are deposited, on a dry and firm bottom. Yellow clay makes a bad foundation; for as it is the soil underneath which bears up the weight of the road and every thing which travels on it, it should be dry and sound (yellow clay is not so,) before the covering is put on; this, when properly composed of small angular stones which readily bind together, will keep out any surface wet whatever. The side drains should be on the field side, for the security of travellers, and for another reason which shall appear under the head of Fences; and the outlets of these drains should be neatly and well built up with stones, and always kept clear.

In very wet soils a drain may be most serviceably cut all along the centre of the road before the materials are laid down, from two to three feet deep, filled up with stones to the surface; those at bottom of a pretty good size, but those at the top as small as the road materials, and, to save expense, as narrow as possible; from this leading drain let side ones be cut here and there to carry off the water into the dykes or channels at each side; in the long run this will be found a cheap mode of draining. All wetness from under the road materials must be carried off by drains of some sort, else the road will never be dry and sound. To have a dry bottom is indis-

pensable, and no expense should be spared to attain this object; where sufficient drains are wanting, the road during a thaw throws up to the surface all the water it had soaked in, and the materials swelling up become quite loose and open; this will, indeed, be always the case where the materials have not been *very thickly* laid on, and where the under soil is not of a porous nature. Water tables across the road are sometimes necessary, as in flat roads or a steep slope: these should be at right angles to the road, with their sides gently inclined, so as to give the least possible obstruction to carriages. In building gullets across boggy land, great care should be taken with the foundation, else the whole structure will sink. The building of these should be postponed, if possible, until the peat has acquired consistency; then make an opening equal to the whole work, and sink it eighteen inches below the intended bottom of the arch or gullet; collect a quantity of black thorn bushes, and tie them in faggots of the same size; place these in regular courses in the direction of the road, and lay across them a platform of strong plank, three inches thick, the whole length and width of the intended mason work; on this build your arch, and make an allowance in the height of the abutments for sinking. Wherever walls are necessary to support banks, and prevent their crumbling down upon the road, if large even stones can be procured they will not require any mortar; when mortar is used there ought to be a great many apertures in the work to give vent to the water, otherwise the pent-up moisture from behind will push out the wall. In many cases where embankments can be made of earth and sods, they are to be preferred to masonry, which is expensive at the commencement and very perishable, for mortar soon loses its cementing quality when exposed alternately to frost and damp.

In country bridges the foundations are often very

bad—sometimes perhaps intentionally so—for many an *honest* mason thinks seven years long enough for a little bit of a gallet (a rope round his own would be his due), to last. Whatever is under water, being out of sight, is composed of loose stones thrown together higgledy piggledy, and all his art is bestowed on *pointing* the cut waters and wings; whereas the heaviest and best jointed stones ought to be laid in the *foundations*. The coping of the parapet too, is often so slight (although the sums presented for these matters are usually one-third more than they ought to be,) that it is broken down as soon as finished. Now this parapet should be of large heavy stones roughly hammered, and should have substantial quoins at the end, with an immovable stone over them.

*Fences.*—The backs of the fences should be on the road side, both for security sake and to have the timber quicks (without which a road is a frightful thing,) planted on the field side, as far removed from the road as can be; besides, when thus laid, the roots will draw all their nourishment from under the road, and not from the field; there is economy in this, and I believe no injury to the under surface of the road. When hedges grow up, however, they should be kept trimmed down to such a height as will admit the sun and wind; roads become dry by evaporation, and when exposed to the sun and wind they become better dried (as to the surface,) than by any drains whatever. Many roads are ruined from having trees or particularly high thorn hedges on the sunny side; neither hedges nor trees, except perhaps on the north-east side, should be higher than five feet. However these points are to be regulated by the situation and quality of the soil; in wet and retentive weather, land shade is most injurious; much will depend too on the direction of the road; if it runs north and south, though planted closely on both sides, it *may* happen to have the benefit of the sun during a part of any day in

the year; a ~~narrow~~ road running east and west, with high trees on the south side, will have no sun but through the branches of the trees during three months in winter, when wetness most prevails. The least injurious hedges are single rows, suppose of ash, trained to high stems and well pruned, so as to afford a free passage to the air, without which, even when there is no disturbance of the surface by wheels, a road exposed to constant moisture will lose its solidity.

*The Foundation.*—It has been already stated, that this should be dry and solid, but a rock is the very worst that can be had—a road over a bog will last longer than one over a rock, because the road metal will readily unite or take a bond on the naked surface of the peat (*if previously well drained;*) which it cannot do on a hard rock, from which it is soon worn off by friction; besides, a road properly made on a bog, has a degree of elasticity which serves it, and makes it more durable, and more able to bear pressure than a more solid surface—just as a stone on a *wool-sack*, will bear more weight than if placed on an anvil. The great object in forming the foundation is to cut away the high parts, to fill up the hollows with earth, well rammed down in every soft part, and with an allowance for sinking of one inch to the foot; if the intended road lies over a moor on which there is a thin coat of peat or turf, you must remove this turf, for if it were to remain between the hard undersoil and the stones, the carriages would press down the stones, force up the turf, and spoil the road—and the under surface of hard substance is then to be formed and drained, according to the directions already given; but mind, this is to be done only when there is a *thin* body of this *loose* black stuff over the solid bottom; for in a deep bog the elasticity of the foundation yields to the pressure of the superincumbent weights, and no road is more easy for cattle to work on.

*Materials.*—Granite or flint stones, if in the neigh-



bourswood, broken into angular pieces, not exceeding six ounces weight, are the best metal for laying on a road—heaps of these are generally broken by old men and boys unfit for more active labour, by the load, and this is the fairest and most economical mode; each individual is paid according to his work, and if he breaks the stones to the proper size, (a most important point) the work proceeds according to the convenience of the labourers, and without requiring more effort than their age or strength will permit, three heaps (7 cwt. each) of tolerably hard stone is enough, for the day's work of a man at 10d. per day—particularly as it is rarely ready money labour. To have such employment in this country, where, unfortunately for the too numerous working poor, there is a dearth of steady occupation, is a happy circumstance. If these people, however, are not well watched, they will not break the stones small enough—in no case should they exceed six ounces each in weight, or be too large to pass through a ring  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, which is perhaps more convenient for the overseer to carry in his hand, than a pair of scales and weights, however small. The disadvantage of placing large stones at the bottom (as often practised,) will appear from the effect produced by wheels running in deep ruts; for besides pressing downwards, and cutting deeply into the under soil, by their sideways pressure, grinding and rubbing the large stones which they meet below on each side of the fellies, they tear out the stones right and left, force them upwards, and loosen a considerable portion of the road with which they are connected. The stones when broken, should be spread evenly over a breadth of *eighteen feet* on a road *twenty-one feet in the clear*, about ten inches in thickness, which, when consolidated, will bear up any thing; but, if according to the villainous old practice, the stones be of different sizes, they will not bind together; the larger ones will quickly rise

to the surface and roll about loose upon it, (many a man and horse have had their necks and knees broken by such loose and round stones,) and the surface once broken, will admit and retain water, which will soon destroy the whole road; and in no case whatever, should any earth or fine gravel be thrown over or sprinkled through the stones, as I have frequently seen done; this, though at first, it may cause a partial cementing of the stones, will *cause* them to open in wet weather, and especially after frost; this stuff prevents the stones from fitting into one another, lets go its hold of them as it were, and causes their separation. In many places gravel is cheaper, as road metal, than broken stones; but before its being spread, it should be screened, and every particle of clay freed from it, else it will soon become mud and dust by turn, and all the round stones should be broken. Coarse gravel from the sea-beach, which is washed clean from all earthy particles, is the very best kind; but in my opinion, bad is even the best gravel for roads, much worked—nothing like regular stones. A road properly M'Adamized, is far superior to any covering of round material, such as gravel.

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### No. III.

#### *The Preservation and Repair of Roads.*

For this object, a contract or supervisorship, *not abused or neglected*, is an excellent provision—for immediately after a new road has been opened it requires care; ruts will open, which, as fast as they appear, should be closed; every hole or irregularity should be attentively filled, by which means the surface will be made even and solid; besides, by

using this care, the *whole* breadth will be travelled on, for horses will naturally avoid the newly filled up parts, which are rougher than the rest; this *shifting* upon the road wears down the stones equally, prevents the tracks which would otherwise be cut; whereas, if ruts are allowed to be made, and then filled up after deep cutting with fresh stones, the wheel tracks will be raised higher than the part where the horse walks, and thus there will be a channel for the water to lodge in. The overseer should have a man with a rake going from place to place on the road from the day of its being finished, in order to level every inequality. *Attention* is more necessary than *expense* in this case; and from want of this attention, and of supervisors and contractors in old times, presentments for repairs were renewed over and over again, at a monstrous, and often scandalous cost. A very trifling sum, carefully expended every year in preventing ruts, (*especially on new or newly mended roads*) saves prodigious waste of county funds. In short, every overseer should unceasingly be diligent to preserve an even surface; every rut, every hollow unfilled, will occasion future outlay, which might be avoided by the stitch in time; and this subject leads me to the darning, or mending the holes which so constantly shew themselves on ill-made or worn out roads. Have ever at hand a supply of broken stones or coarse gravel, which should be prepared in fine weather and long days, lying in large heaps in recesses off the road, not as is generally the case, in a break-neck-style, all along the sides of it, compelling every one to travel in the centre, and to make ruts for the next job—and let these stones be moved from the store-heaps and spread carefully with a shovel when and where wanted—for if they be allowed to rest upon the road in heaps, the evenness of the whole surface is deranged. The best time for laying on the new material, is about the months

of April and October, when the roads are neither too wet, nor too dry. Stones laid down at the former period become firm before winter, and with a little attention, a road can be kept in good order until spring; and if it has not been sufficiently attended to in winter, and has got into a bad state towards spring, by putting fresh metal about the month of April, sufficient to bring it into smooth surface, it will easily be kept in this good state during summer, when roads are less liable to be cut up. For repairing old roads, there is frequently a sufficient supply of stones if raised with a pick-axe, on the very spot. Masses of stones, or coarse gravel, have been put out on these roads, and where have they gone to? Let these roads be rooted up, and the gravel screened, when drawn aside with rakes, having teeth two inches and a-half long—let the road be then formed, as in the case of a new one, and the old stones now broken, will cover it. But only a small piece of road should be picked up at a time; if five men work across it with picks, two will be occupied in gathering off the stones, and in forming the road for the broken stones, and others can break them to be spread immediately afterwards: thus the work will be finished, without cutting up the new surface by wetness or traffic, and without any horse-work or drawing of materials. There is often much waste of money in purchasing stones, and drawing them from a distance, although if looked for, they would be found on the spot where they are wanted—besides the very important advantage of having a smooth bed of well-formed earth, on which to lay the new materials, instead of depositing them on hard pavement and rough bottom, on which they will not form a lasting road; but the overseer's object is to employ his own horse and not men—he will draw bad materials rather than screen gravel, or break stones—he will throw rubbish on the road, and then leave large stones rolling about—

he wishes to make something *worth while* by the job, or the 'rint' wouldnt be paid to the 'master,' who, persuaded the grand jury to grant the presentment; or some other equally unsound reason would be urged for humbugging the public. My dear boys, don't, shew '*favor or affection*' in these cases—remember you swear, that the sum, whatever it may be, is "the least the said perches can be effectually repaired for"—and that you "have faithfully and honestly expended the sum." Be strictly honest, and in the long run, here and *hereafter*, you will find, that, '*honesty is the best policy*.'

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#### No. IV.

#### *On the Importance of Pure Air.\**

Good air is so necessary to the preservation of health, that I shall devote a chapter or two to the consideration of this matter. But before I shall make a particular application of it to your circumstances, it will be necessary to enter a little into the general subject of ventilation, in order that you may fully understand the nature and effects of air, the danger of breathing it in a corrupted state, and consequently perceive the importance of keeping up a free circulation of it in your *bed rooms*, where it is generally very foul indeed. Since air is passing through our lungs every moment of our existence, it is of immense importance to have it pure; the young and healthy may not quickly perceive the changes or impurities of the atmosphere they breathe, but

\* To Doctor Meyler's excellent work on Ventilation I am indebted for the best matter in this and the following chapters.

the delicate, sickly, and the aged are powerfully influenced by its qualities: nor is it to be wondered at that man, the highest in the scale of God's creatures, should be so influenced, when we witness the effects which the air has on inferior animals less delicate and less sensitive. The dead and dried up gut of a cat fastened to a bit of stick, will indicate by its tightness or laxity, the dryness or the dampness of the atmosphere. The fibres of a living man, therefore, are, it is to be supposed, at least as much affected by the same causes; even plants, flourish or droop according to the state of the atmosphere which gives them life, and man enjoys health or suffers sickness and depression according to the qualities of the air which surrounds him. From the interesting and satisfactory experiments which learned men have made, it has been proved that the lungs of a full grown man contain, on an average, five quarts of air; he draws in and breathes out a seventh part of this quantity at every breathing. If he draws in and lets out breath twenty times in a minute, a quantity of air which would weigh fifty-three pounds would pass through his lungs in twenty-four hours. Farther, the atmosphere is composed of certain *fluids* or *gases*, of which, one called *oxygen*, which is indispensable to animal\* life, forms a fifth part, and the other four parts are more or less pernicious. Again, in the process of passing through the lungs, this *oxygen*, this pure part, becomes consumed or withdrawn from the atmosphere in a considerable degree, leaving the air more and more free from it at every breathing, until it becomes pernicious in the extreme; for the change in the *quality* of the air is more than merely withdrawing the oxygen; the place of this pure portion is supplied by what is commonly called *fixed air*,† which is fatal to life.

\* Remember that *man* is an animal.

† Carbonic acid gas.

Thus does the process of breathing not only take from the atmosphere the portion of it on which life depends, but actually renders it poisonous; to admit fresh air continually, is therefore very necessary; and of this, for healthful respiration,\* a man requires *three gallons each minute*.

Every one able to take exercise in fresh air, feels the bracing and wholesome effects of it. The labourer who in the field breathes the pure atmosphere around him, is a very different person in appetite and appearance from the manufacturer who inhales† the impurities of a close and crowded room, or from the poor miner who is surrounded by the *fixed air* with which his deeply seated mine is filled. The importance of good air to the health of man, I repeat, is prodigiously great; but this blessing so freely bestowed on those whose daily occupations are in the field, is often weakened by mismanagement *within doors*. The ploughman who, while walking in his newly turned furrow, inhales the aromatic air, and feels the benefit of it too, which the turned up sod yields forth as the plough cuts its way along, will often lie at night in a very small and crowded bed room, with a single pane of glass *firmly fastened* into the wall. Doctor Meyler tells us that he has met with people who generally rose in the morning languid and unrefreshed, with headache, white tongue, dry mouth, and other symptoms of indigestion, who, after having tried a variety of medicines to relieve what they thought the effect of a bilious stomach, found all these distressing appearances removed by breathing, in a well *ventilated bed-chamber*, the pure and refreshing air of the country. Except in the bed rooms, I am well aware that all small farm houses are sufficiently supplied with fresh air continually admitted through the kitchen door, which, in our hospitable country, is seldom closed.

\* Breathing.

† Draws in with his breath.

by day; and even if it be, fresh or cold air will force its way through the key-hole or the chinks to supply the place of the heated, and of course lighter or thinner air which the fire sends up the chimney, thus keeping up a necessary circulation in that part of the house where the family assemble. But how does the case stand with respect to the sleeping room? It frequently happens that the family of a small holder, or labourer, is so poor as to have only the means of building one wretched little bed room, perhaps eight or ten feet square; in this the father and mother and half a dozen children, and occasionally a cousin or two, are obliged to lie. Now there is no matter (not absolutely poisonous,) more prejudicial to health than that which arises from the human body, I mean through the pores of the skin as well as from the breath; and in this case I am supposing eight or ten persons to pass seven or eight hours in a room, barely large enough to hold them when packed closely in bed; well, the air on account of the heat which it has acquired in passing through the lungs of this family party, stretched higgledy piggledy on their straw, becomes lighter than the surrounding air, and rises to the ceiling; no outlet being there for its escape, it remains till it becomes cool, when it will descend; up goes another and another *whiff* of heated and rarefied air at every breathing, which in turns fall down again, and in the circuit which it thus takes, the *same* air passes through the lungs of all the persons in the bed, who take in at each breathing a new portion of impure matter, and losing every time that it is drawn in, an additional portion of its life-sustaining principle. If the inside door be open, the quantity of cool air will certainly for some time prevent any perception of the tainted nature of the air within, but after a time all this will be exhausted. The discharge from the surface of the human body (even though soap and water be regularly used, and you well know



this would be supposing too much,) in perspiration alone, is equal to nearly *two pounds weight per day*. Much of this matter is certainly nothing but water, but there is animal matter of an oily nature in it too, as appears from the stain which it leaves upon linen, extremely offensive to the smell ; by it the dog is enabled to trace out his master, and some persons are in such high odour as to be more agreeable a few perches off than very close. Now conceive all this exhaling from the bodies of so many sleeping persons, their pores all open, *and no mode of carrying off the foul air*, and you will admit from what has been already said on the subject of air, that this sleeping family is in great want of a free circulation of it.

Curtains, very fortunately, are seldom to be seen in a small holder's cabin in Ireland. As a mere ornament to a bed-stead I like to see them when clean ; they indicate tidiness and taste in the woman of the house ; viewed as furniture, they present an agreeable appearance, but let them not be close drawn at any time, for they present a woful obstruction to the circulation of air. Those persons in higher life, who from habit or ignorance of the consequences, allow their servants to surround their beds closely with curtains, injure themselves materially. In hot climates where moskitoes (which bite unmercifully,) abound in the bed room, curtains are absolutely necessary as preventives against their attacks ; but in those climates the curtains are made of thin gauze, through which the air passes freely.

For a month or two after I was married—and that was a good many years ago—my wife and I were regularly tucked and pinned up in bed under a close covering of thick Damask curtains, by an old servant maid, who, I suppose, thought that we should have *taken cold* without them. The weather at that time was severe, and as the bed-stead was high and the room pretty large, we did not feel the want of

more air than the crevices of the curtains (in spite of Molly's precautions,) were allowed to admit; but after a month or two the air became warmer, and of course more rarefied, and Mrs. Doyle moreover commenced a course of *curtain* lectures which very few men are well disposed to hear—particularly if they deserve them—then I began by degrees to open the curtains, in order to let the whole room have the benefit of Mrs. Doyle's orations, (for walls have ears they say,) and to cool the fidgets which the heat and the lecture together used to excite in me: the air which I received in exchange used to relieve me wonderfully, and from that time to this (Doctor Meyler's book having enlightened my wife as well as myself,) we have never had the curtains drawn either in winter or summer. The consequence has been, cool refreshing sleep, instead of feverish and labour'd breathing in bed, and lassitude in the morning, the usual effects of confined and impure air.

When you go into a crowded chapel or court-house, do you not at once perceive the foulness of air which there surrounds you? I never sit long in one of those places without a headache and sick stomach—sure proof of the unwholesomeness of the air with which they become every minute more and more filled. In these places, the highest parts, such as the galleries, are the worst, for the noxious vapours are all carried upwards in perpetual volumes, and can only escape through ventilators\* in the roof, which, by the way, are not always placed there. I have already said that the heated and rarefied air ascends; if you doubt this, place a lighted candle at the bottom of the door of a crowded room, and you will see that the flame will be blown inwards in consequence of the cold and heavy air rushing in from below: then place the candle at the top of the door, and you will see the flame directed outwards

\* Machines for carrying off foul air.

in consequence of the current of the heated air escaping from the upper part of the room. So much to show the importance of fresh air—but how are you to obtain it in your contracted and crowded sleeping rooms?—by the following simple plan recommended by Doctor Meyer :—put a tube, or make some kind of opening in your ceiling, to let out the tainted air, and let there be at the same time, a free admission of fresh air from below, either through the door, or a tube at the *bottom* of the room conducted to the outside and turned *downwards*. Thus one tube will bring in the fresh and the other will take out the foul air. This surely is a simple plan for promoting health. The windows also should be open by day, and always as high up as possible, particularly where there is no ventilator; yet not one in twenty cabins in *many parts* of Ireland has a window in the sleeping room, and if it has, that window is nailed so that it cannot open; such an one, or a pane of glass built into the wall, will admit light it is true, but it should admit and let out air also. The putridity of the air is increased too in many cases, by a stagnant pool of water and a dung-hill at the very cabin door, and this leads me to the next subject.

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## No. V.

### *Fevers.*

Many *infectious diseases* are communicated by breathing air in which contagious matter is contained. This contagious matter is wafted by the air to the delicate surface of the lungs, (*which cover several square feet,*) and produces diseases, just as

the small pox is communicated by being applied to a spot from which the skin has been raised. Impure air continually breathed, becomes a poison, which though sometimes slow in operation, will at length weaken and destroy the constitution. With respect to fever, and particularly that kind which so often prevails in this country, I think I can show you that whatever is its origin, it is spread by the breath through the medium of the air.

We have always observed that a particular kind of fever has followed a *hard summer*. Why? Because the food of the poor in scarce seasons, is bad in quality, and unhappily insufficient in quantity; their stomachs become weakened and their strength of course impaired; consequently they are in this state less able to resist disease if it be afloat in the air. But what is more to the point, the connexion or the sympathy\* between the stomach and the lungs, that is, between digestion and breathing, is so intimate, that the weakness of the one acts unfavourably upon the other. Here we have a weakened and deranged stomach, from bad food or half starvation, and the lungs affected at the same time—the disorder assumes the character of fever—a person in a particular family becomes diseased, perhaps some time before he knows the infectious nature of his malady, (which has probably *originated* in want of proper food) and the air which passes through his lungs is inhaled by those around him, all of whom become more or less tainted, and they in turn infect others. The noxious matter if frequently drawn into the lungs of any person will, in most cases, affect him more or less: he should, therefore, shun the contagious atmosphere of a close room. Why does fever, or any other infectious disease, run through a family, particularly in a dirty house? Because they all breathe the same tainted air. The noxious matter is depo-

\* Fellow feeling.

sited sometimes on the clothes, or bedding, or walls, or any substance which will retain it; then it spreads to the surrounding houses, and those who partially recover are liable to relapses from the same causes which first brought it. In short, fresh air is the grand preservative. Even fire, however useful in purifying a tainted room, produces this effect only by giving a greater circulation to the air; it sends the heated air up the chimney and makes way for the fresh atmosphere through all the chinks and crannies it can find; were a room with a fire in it to be so closed as to exclude all air except at the chimney, it would soon be unwholesome for breathing in, and the fire itself would go out. If air after passing through the lungs is bad at best, it must be of course more destructive when polluted with disease. The more it is confined and drawn into the lungs again and again by those in the sick room, or by the sick person himself, the more powerful it becomes. The poor creature who, when labouring under the kind of fever I am considering, is, from want of an hospital to receive him, placed under a half covered shed in the open field, generally recovers, because the constant passage of pure air through his lungs gradually carries off the disease—the infected matter is dispersed in a vast body of atmosphere, and by not being repeatedly carried through his lungs, keeping alive the disorder within him, the fever is gradually *worn out*. Thus those whom poverty or the unkindness of relatives have obliged to take refuge under the ditch side, with a faggot or two to keep out the storm, have had cause to bless God, “who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” for their recovery, which, in all probability, would not have been effected had they remained in their confined houses. There are, however, precautions which you should use in a house in which fever or any other contagious disease has been. Let all the clothes and furniture be well washed, and white-

wash the walls in order to destroy the noxious matter on them. This is of infinitely more consequence than fumigation,\* which stifles people with fumes that only deceive the sense of smelling, by giving a pleasant smell instead of a foul one. Scenting the air does not destroy the infection—no, it only humbugs the nose—nor does vinegar do any good. In a small house it is utterly impossible to accommodate a person in fever properly, without endangering the rest of the family; to the *hospital* then, if there be one in your district, endeavour to go at once. Indeed nothing but folly, ignorance, or prejudice in general, prevent you from going there; you think it a kind of poor house, and your Irish pride disdains the very notion of entering into such a place. I like your feeling on this point (it is honourable and creditable to you,) in every case except this; but here there is *danger* to your family, your neighbours, and the country at large, if you do not seek the house of refuge, for though fever usually originates with the *poor*, it extends to all classes; and it is calculated that the removal of one patient saves five others from infection. It is no crime to be poor and unable to see a physician and nurse-tender, and provide all those little necessities which are so wanted on recovering from fever, if you have not brought your poverty on yourselves by ill conduct. I repeat, therefore, to the hospital at once.—There you will have *fresh air*, so necessary to the patient and to those around him. Those who have had the *fever* know how dreadful it often is, and how frequently they are *broke by it*. The purchase of tea, sugar, and whiskey for the nurse, and of

\* To have fumigation effectual, every crevice in the room or house should be previously closed; but in a cabin with a large chimney, and outlets in all directions, the vapour (nitrous) would escape: but fumigation, *properly managed*, is an effectual mode of purifying infected air.

nourishment for the convalescent\* patient, drains every shilling. Now, besides the saving of all this, think of preserving the rest of the family from the disorder, and also of having the advantage of a doctor's attendance every day without expense, and the accommodation of a good bed and large room. One word more—whenever you go into an infected room stand between the *open* window or door and the patient, sit down or lie on the ground near the door—if the window be higher, the bad air will go off at the upper part of it; (this shews that windows should open from the top,) if not, the foul air escapes through the higher part of the door. Do not swallow your spittle, and, if possible, do not go in with a weak or empty stomach.

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## No. VI.

### *A few Rules for Preserving Health.*

Foul air, as I have already shewn you, is most pernicious to the human frame; *dampness* is also highly prejudicial, but in our climate this cannot be avoided—we can only guard in some respects against its bad effects, by never sitting in wet clothes a moment longer than is unavoidable—by wearing thick clothing in winter; and flannel *next the skin* at all times, in hot as well as in cold weather. Flannel soaks in perspiration; keeps out dampness, and promotes the circulation of the blood. But of all things wear very strong shoes; to have the feet dry is of the utmost consequence; half the *colds, coughs,*

\* Recovering.

*catarrhs* and *consumptions*, that you witness, are owing to broken shoes—these, unhappily, are still very dear in proportion to all other articles of clothing—the shoemaker keeps up his price, and a labourer finds it nearly impossible to keep shoes on himself and his family. There are shoes to be had, however, cheaper and more lasting than those in general use, a few pair of which I lately bought in the North of England, where they are much worn, particularly by workmen *when at shovel work, or while standing in wet places*: they do not, to be sure, answer for much quick walking, and would be great incumbrances in a foot race, or on a tramp to a distant fair. The soles are made of wood, about an inch thick, and a large man's pair can be purchased for four shillings. I wish your landlords and employers would import them from England as models, as your own shoemakers could easily make them after a *pattern*. The saving of expense, in this necessary article alone, would be very considerable; and the degrees of bodily health and comfort to which they would so essentially contribute, would be very great indeed. A farmer or workman, in winter, is half his time stopping about dirty lanes, yards, and wet fields; to have his feet dry, he should spare no pains nor expense within his means: in this instance, his pocket will be a gainer.

I have said that flannel is very useful; without it, the shirt of a hard-working man often sticks to his back, where it remains wet and cold afterwards for many hours—the flannel guards against this; and as to its being a little ticklesome at first, surely a stout fellow should be able to bear so trifling an irritation, and this unpleasant sensation wears off in the course of two or three days.

Very young men are foolishly regardless of those matters which affect health; but they should consider, that every thing which, in any degree tends to injure it, must *tell in the long run*, and shorten



their days; they don't suffer *at the time* of their incaution, and therefore, they expect to escape altogether without smarting; but when *fever*, or *ague*, or *inflammation* of the lungs attacks them, they begin to recollect that they were wet to the skin on a particular day, that their clothes dried on them, or that they had been threshing in a close warm barn and had suddenly gone out in their shirts only, during a profuse sweat, while it was raining; or, that they had laid their waistcoats or jackets on *wet* ground while they were in the field at work, and then put them on in a very damp state on their heated bodies. It often undoubtedly happens that working persons cannot avoid getting thoroughly wet, but it rarely occurs that a wet person cannot have his clothes dried immediately afterwards; that he cannot, if his *wardrobe* does not afford him a change of garments, go to bed where he will become warm in the blankets, while his clothes are at the fire—or, at the worst, he can put on his wife's or sister's Sunday petticoat and cloak; any thing, in short, is better than sitting in wet clothes, though while in constant active exercise there is little danger. Almost all the rheumatic pains with which country people in middle and advanced life are affected, proceed from checked perspiration and wet clothes.

When the body has been chilled by rain, it will be useful to take some warm beer mixed with ginger and sugar; or a bowl of hot whey, gruel, or scalded buttermilk, in order to remove the chilly sensation, by quickening the circulation of blood, and communicating energy and warmth to the whole frame: the use of whiskey even in *this* case, is objectionable, as I shall endeavour to shew in another number. After a thorough wetting, you should also rub the skin all over with dry flannel or a woollen cloth, and a washing with lukewarm water will also be useful. The chilly feel which often follows a long and severe wetting, ending frequently in fever,

should be counteracted as quickly as possible, by any of the warm drinks which I have mentioned above. If these fail in producing softness and warm moisture in the skin, some medicine should be taken. But if at any time you have reason to suspect that fever is lurking in your brain, avoid spirits, punch, and wine, even if you could easily obtain any, as you would poison. Some of your friends, from mistaken kindness, will endeavour to persuade you that you are '*all as one as dead*,' because you are not able to eat your allowance, and they will offer you '*something to rise your heart*.' Now in such cases of well meant ignorance, contrive, as if by *accident*, (for it would be ungracious to do it otherwise,) to drop the glass and its contents on the floor—dont taste any thing stronger than gruel while you are thus ill—and dont think of eating at this time. When the stomach is affected, as it must be in this case, it cannot perform its functions properly, its machinery is out of order—let it rest.

On the first *suspicion* of fever get medicine to clear your stomach by vomiting, and afterward take physic plentifully to affect your bowels, and promote perspiration. I could give you the names and quantities of the most suitable medicines in this case, but I fear to do so, lest you should commit blunders and kill yourselves. Judicious treatment *at the beginning*, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred would put a stop to fever. There is one thing which you are fond of—I don't mean whiskey, but—bleeding, which is too much resorted to; it impairs the health, and interrupts the functions on which health depends. In some disorders, as inflammation of the chest or lungs, it is absolutely necessary—or after a severe fall, or in case of throwing up blood; but it should not be *indulged* in, on every trivial occasion. A blister is also a favourite remedy, and often a most useful one; but, then, I do not approve of sending a blister its rounds through a whole family, if they have any tri-

fling disorders, however different in nature, merely to get *all the good out of it*. A blister taken from a diseased body, and applied to one in comparative health, may, I think, do mischief. These remedies, with wine, which you value for its scarcity, are your grand cures for every disorder. They are all good if *discreetly* used—not otherwise. Wine is often as bad as whiskey: in all cases of inflammation it is decidedly so. I make a point of not giving it to any of my neighbours, who may solicit share of the little drop which I have sometimes in my house for any odd calls, without first ascertaining the nature and character of the disorder, for the cure of which it is solicited; and fortunate it is that I am so particular, for it is usually demanded in *inflammatory* cases, which are precisely those in which it is destructive.

The medicines chiefly useful for you, and indeed for most people, most happily are those which are the cheapest—for instance, salts.\*

“Throw physic to the dogs,”

unless when you are really ill, and avoid quackery and *quacks* at all times. There are many scoundrels in town and country who undertake to cure all kinds of disorders, and thousands fall victims to their tricks and impositions. I can tell you a short story about a quack who undertook to cure a horse, that was what is termed a *rourter*; and I believe that no art whatever can mend the pipes of a horse of this description. The quack first persuaded the owner to give him ten shillings for medicines, which did not cost more than two-pence: a fumigation of sulphur and salt was what he applied to the unfortunate animal's nostrils, until he was completely suffocated. He died under this rascal's treatment.—Well, this was bad enough; but in a few days af-

\* See the Appendix.

terwards a worse affair happened : a poor woman was silly enough to apply *for the cure of some inward disorder* to this same fellow, who rubbed her so roughly on the stomach with a severe blister that she died in two days afterwards. I myself saw her funeral.

To put faith in men totally without education and good practice, is worse than absurd. A kind physician, who really understands what he undertakes, and who feels, or appears to feel, for your sufferings when they are painful, is worthy of confidence and regard—is a blessing in his neighbourhood ; but a quack is not so. If you wanted a jockey to show off a horse at a fair, would you put a sailor who had been all his life at sea on his back, in preference to a regular trained horse-rider ? or if you wanted your brogues mended, would you take them to Snip the tailor ? or trust your breeches to the shoe-maker ? Certainly not : ‘ every man to his trade,’ you would say. And yet, when life and limb are at stake, you would trust to an ignorant, untaught quack, merely because he has impudence and wickedness enough to say, that he can cure you—aye, cure you of disorders which the science, and education, and constant practice of humane and clever men might fail to overcome. It is better to be without any doctor than to have a bad one : nature, or more properly God, often raises the poor man from a sick bed without the aid of any physician, when an ignorant pretender would have killed him.

*Digestion* is a subject upon which gentlemen and ladies think and talk a great deal now a days ; but on this point I have little to say to *you*. With regard to your cookery, and the kinds of food which you should eat, and the number of ounces you are to have at a meal, I need not trouble you with hints, because I am quite certain that the great perplexity relating to the process of digestion with half of ~~you~~ you, especially during the summer season, before

*the new provisions come in*, is to get any food at all. This is the grand consideration with most of the small holders and labourers in Ireland. To talk to a fellow in good health about his digestion is mere nonsense : he may eat and drink what he pleases, if he can get the stuff. The stomach of a hard-working man would digest any thing, even his own shoes (I don't mean those with the wooden clogs which I have recommended, but shoes entirely of leather,) if it had time enough. As to fat and rusty bacon, this would be luxury to most of you at any time, though the stomach of a delicately fed man would reject it as a cow would a tainted cabbage-leaf ; hunger is always good sauce, and sound health will always ensure good digestion. But old men and old women even in the country often complain of a *pain in the stomach which follows them* ; this proceeds from indigestion—from weakness and derangement of the stomach, which is the great workshop of the whole body, and on which all the functions of mind and body depend ; if any thing is out of order in the stomach and bowels, all goes wrong in the whole machinery of the body. In case of this feeling of indigestion, avoid potatoes as much as you can ; eat bread made with barm, baked at home on the griddle—if you have not got an oven : bakers' bread is too frequently poisoned with all kinds of drugs, which make it quickly ferment, and turn sour in the stomach. You will prove it to be bad if it dries up very quickly, and has a sour smell on the second day. Barley or rye mixed with wheaten flour makes good bread. The kind of wheaten flour called *thirds* is not good. Take that from which no bran has been sifted, and to which none has been added, and mix it half and half with barley or rye flour. The way to make bread is thus given in Cobbett's Cottage Economy :—

“ Suppose the quantity be a bushel of flour : put this flour into a trough that people have for the pur-

pose, or it may be in a clean smooth tub of any shape, if not too deep, and if sufficiently large; make a pretty deep hole in the middle of this heap of flour. Take (for a bushel) a pint of good fresh yeast, mix it, and stir it well up in a pint of soft water, milk-warm. Pour this into the hole in the heap of flour; then take a spoon and work it round the outside of this body of moisture, so as to bring into that liquid body, by degrees, flour enough to make it form a *thin batter*, which you must stir about well for a minute or two; then take a handful of flour, and scatter it thinly over the head of this batter, so as to hide it. Then cover the whole over with a cloth to keep it warm; and this covering, as well as the situation of the trough as to distance from the fire, must depend on the nature of the place and state of the weather, as to heat and cold. When you perceive that the batter has risen enough to make *cracks* in the flour that you covered it over with, you begin to form the whole mass into *dough*—thus—You begin round the hole containing the batter, working the flour into the batter, and pouring in as it is wanted, to make the flour mix with the batter, soft water or milk. Before you begin this, you scatter the salt over the heap at the rate of *half a pound* to a bushel of flour: when you have got the whole *sufficiently moist*, you *knead it well*. This is a grand part of the business; for, unless the dough be *well worked*, there will be *little round lumps of flour in the loaves*; and besides, the original batter, which is to give fermentation to the whole will not be duly mixed. The *fists* must go heartily into it. It must be rolled over, pressed out, folded up, and pressed out again, until it be completely mixed and formed into a stiff and tough dough . . . . . Thus then the dough is made, and when made, it is to be formed into a lump in the middle of the trough, and with a little dry flour thinly scattered over it, covered over again to be

kept warm and to ferment; and in this state, if all be rightly done, it will not have to remain more than about 15 or 20 minutes.

"In the mean while *the oven is to be heated*, and this is much more than half the art of the operation. When an oven is properly heated can be known only by *actual observation*. Women who understand the matter know when the heat is right the moment they put their faces within a yard of the oven-mouth; and once or twice observing is enough for any person of common capacity. But this much may be said in the way of rule: that the fuel (I am supposing a brick oven) should be *dry* (not *rotten*) wood, and not mere *brush-wood*, but rather *faggot-sticks*. If larger wood, it ought to be split up into sticks not more than two or two-and-a-half inches through. Brush-wood that is *strong*, not green, and not too old, if it be hard in its nature, and has some *sticks* in it, may do. The *woody* part of furze will heat an oven very well; but the thing is to have a *lively* and yet *somewhat strong* fire, so that the oven may be heated in about 15 minutes, and retain its heat sufficiently long. The oven should be hot by the time that the dough has remained in the lump about 20 minutes. When both are ready, take out the fire, and wipe the oven out clean, and, at nearly about the same moment, take the dough out upon the lid of the baking trough, or some proper place, cut it up into pieces, and make it up into loaves, kneading it again into these separate parcels, and, as you go on, shaking a little flour over your board, to prevent the dough from adhering to it. The loaves should be put into the oven as quickly as possible after they are formed; when in, the oven lid or door should be fastened up very closely; and if all be properly managed, loaves, of about the size of quartern loaves, will be sufficiently baked in about *two hours*; but they usually take down the lid and look at the bread, in order to see how it is going on." A *grid-*

*ale* will answer extremely well for a small family ; but use barm, either artificial or from the brewery. An English pastry cook told me that he was able to preserve brewer's barm for a year or more by the following process, viz.—Beating up the barm with little switches, scraping it off as fast as it acquired consistency, and putting it into paper bags, which he hung over the fire.

Oatmeal, *very well boiled*, gruel, or a large spoonful or two of potato-flour, mixed with half a pint of boiling water, will make nourishing and digestive food. This will not occasion pain and uneasiness in a delicate stomach, for which potatoes, especially *half-boiled ones*, are very pernicious ; indeed even for persons in health, potatoes should be well boiled or *rousted*—though hard ones may suit the gizzard of a goose, it does not follow that they are fit for the stomach of a *Christian*. If afflicted with this wretched sensation of indigestion, which is usually accompanied with *wind*, pains, and oppression, languor, nausea, and peevishness, go to a doctor, and don't expect that a dose or two of physic will set all to rights ; you must have patience : the powers of the stomach will not recover their strength all at once, even with those who are not very old ; and a very slight matter will derange them again. The old cannot expect to have a new set of organs—they can only hope for a little relief, and the light food which I have recommended is the kind best adapted to their weakened powers of digestion : a bit of meat, if you can afford it, will be the most nourishing and most digestible food in this case, but poor people cannot often purchase this indulgence. I heartily wish that the small farmer's means would allow him occasionally to

“ Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,  
And snatch the hasty rasher from the coals.”



A bit of broiled meat or rasher is the very best kind of food for a delicate stomach; and as to the *ale*, or even clear *small-beer*, if made with pure malt and hops, what is so good in winter, when milk is scarce? But beer is not fit drink for children; milk of some kind you must have for them. Nor will beer and potatoes agree well together without a third party—suppose a herring, or a *little bit* of boiled bacon, with a great deal of cabbage. This food, however, is for people in health only, as you generally are; cabbage and fat bacon will not agree with a sickly stomach. What a great deal of food in summer, when potatoes are *bad*, and even oatmeal bread frightfully dear, might be obtained by boiling a very small piece of fat bacon with some heads of cabbage? Cabbage chopped up, and *dusted* with some pepper and salt, is an excellent dish. How the children would dip their spoons or their fingers into it! Yet, by the most provoking mismanagement, this hardy and never-failing vegetable is frequently a *scarce* article in the months of June and July, when it ought to be abundant. Plant cabbages early in the year, (in February,) and you cannot have a hungry stomach at midsummer, if greasy meat, or good hog's-lard, or *kitchen-stuff* can be had. New potatoes, too, you seldom have in *time* to meet the wants of the summer; but why? because you don't plant them early enough. In January and February, if the weather be open, plant your early ridges; cover them with long dung when the potatoes begin to peep, and frost will not destroy them. A few stone of kidney potatoes are of great value at the end of June, when the old *cups* are gone, and the *apples* beginning to fail; and, at all events, when the price of even a very soft and bad potato is too much for a poor man's pocket.

Water is so generally your beverage, that you should take care to have it good. If soap will not dissolve in it, or if it throws up a whitish scum, it

is unwholesome; if muddy, filter\* it through brown paper. Cold water which has been boiled is the best for drinking. Water is, however, in most places abundant; if it be not so, pray mind what I have said about filtering and boiling. Though a man cannot live altogether upon water, it is one of the chief necessities of life; and he who always drinks it in preference to any stronger beverage, will not find himself the worse for it in health or character:

“Honest water is too weak to be a sinner—  
It never left a man i’ the mire.”

The life which you lead, depend upon it, is the happiest as well as healthiest. Every day you enjoy

\* Since writing the above I have seen a remarkably simple, cheap, and effectual filtering machine, which can be safely recommended:—It consists of two garden pots, a large and a small one; the latter to be inserted in the former, and pressed through three layers of sand—that at the bottom of the large pot to be of the finest washed sand, two inches thick—the next of fine sand and fine pounded charcoal, mixed in equal quantities, and of equal thickness—the third and uppermost of a coarse gravel, of two inches also in depth. The apertures of both pots to be stopped, and through the cork of the large pot a syphon, or leaden pipe of one-fourth inch bore, to be inserted; this syphon to rise within two inches of the upper surface of the inverted pot.

The water poured in above will descend through the layers of gravel, &c. to the bottom of the large pot, and then, having no passage to get away, will ascend through the similar layers in the inverted pot, till it rises above the aperture of the syphon or pipe, through it will fall into any vessel over which the garden pot is placed.

Total Cost:—		s.	d.
Large Pot .....	0	6	
Small Do. ....	0	2	
9 inch Pipe .....	0	6	
		<hr/>	
		1	2

Vessel to receive the filtered water	1	6
A Cock, if applied .....	1	6

a free circulation of air ; you lead active, nay, laborious lives ; but the simplicity of your food, and your constant occupations in the field or the garden, *if you have not been ill fed, and prematurely hard worked*, will insure you a green old age.

When you compare your advantages with the hardships and privations which the operative manufacturers and tradesmen undergo in cities and towns, shut up for twelve hours during the day in the pestiferous air of crowded work-rooms, and pent up for the remaining half of their time in their own narrow and confined houses, where the rosy flush of health is not seen, often labouring until midnight at the loom or the winder ; exposed, too, to the various besetting temptations which towns afford, you have cause to thank God, that you are "not as other men are," and bless and praise him for "all his benefits." If *they* are thrown out of employment by any of those causes which so frequently occur, they must beg or starve—they have no occupation to which their hands may be turned ; but, if the occupant of *land*, however small its portion, should be deprived of whatever day-labour he might have been employed at for *hire*, he can sell his labour with advantage to himself—he will always be *welcome to work* in his own little field or garden, when his labour is not sought for elsewhere.

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## No. VII.

*Dress ; its absurdities to be avoided—Manners—Morals—Story of Molly Butler and Peg. Carthy.*

I like to see people dressed according to their rank in life. Twenty years ago, working farmers

and their wives and children were dressed in stout clothing—the men in blue or grey frieze coats and breeches, the women in strong stuff gowns and petticoats on Sundays, and blue cloth cloaks, and striped linsey petticoats on week days. But how is it now? The young men saunter about on holydays in fine cloth coats, made, as nearly as a country tailor can imitate a town-cut, after the newest fashion, with cloth trowsers, and Wellington boots not unfrequently. The women, having long since disdained to use striped linsey petticoats, substitute a dirty white in its stead; an imitation of Leghorn bonnet has superseded the common straw or beaver hat, and veils are frequently to be seen in the most retired country church or chapel. Veils on a country girl's face!—what will this world come to at last? Veils! if they merely wore them to hide their ringlets, and their unblushing countenances, I could forgive them, and indeed thank them, at least for concealing curls and love locks; but when they are worn for finery, I hardly know whether to laugh at them, or to be very angry: to see a parcel of country girls, who are often occupied six days in the week in dirty work—in the field, the farm-yard, or the filthy cabin—without a stocking of any kind to cover their brown legs and mottled shins,\* their hair matted, and hanging in slovenly portions about their unwashed faces; and then on Sundays, *stumping* into their place of worship, in slipper-shoes, and white stockings; and covered with veils and frills and flounces and fiddle-faddles of every kind, I am tempted to scold them. I wish to see consistency and propriety in dress: any thing out of character and keeping is calculated either to arouse compassion and rebuke, or to excite ridicule and contempt. When people keep within their own class of society, they are respectable in it—let them pass the bounds, and those above them

\* Variegated by the fire.

laugh at or despise them for their awkward and unbecoming efforts, while those on a level with or below them, envy or hate them for their finery ; and they themselves, one would imagine, would feel embarrassed and uncomfortable in it. The cheapness of the articles of clothing, except shoes, has confounded all ranks together, as far as *dress* goes ; but on a very slight inspection, the clown, the mechanic, or the shopman, are easily distinguished from the gentleman, who cannot be imitated in manners and address by the low in birth or the vulgar in education and habits : then why this effort to appear what you have no pretensions to be ? Why not pride yourselves more on passing at first sight for what you are or ought to be—laborious, frugal, and contented farmers ? That it is better for young men to lay out money in *fine clothes* than in *drink*, is undeniable ; but there is really no money now a days to be saved, and if there be, the Savings' Bank is the best depository for it. Some years ago, when ribbands and muslins were dear, a country girl never thought of wearing them ; or if she did, a narrow ribband, and as much muslin as would make a small modest-looking cap, was the utmost of her ambition : but now a days, because these articles happen to be extremely cheap, more than double the necessary quantity is used ; thus rendering, by the increase of quantity, these articles just as expensive to the purchaser as they ever were. A peasant girl struts about with a cap or a bonnet, large enough to cover half-a-dozen rational heads, and displays as many ribbands as would ornament a May-pole. This is very absurd, as well as unbecoming : let people dress in character, and not show extravagance and bad taste by an imitation of the follies which unhappily their superiors so often exhibit. If simplicity of dress and *manners* is not to be found in the farming classes, where are we to look for it ? Having introduced the word

*Manners,*

Perhaps I may venture to give a few hints upon a subject of no little importance.

Ill manners, in every rank of life, are disgusting : even those who are themselves very uncouth in language and conduct, like to meet with gentleness and civility from others. Hapily, rudeness is not by any means a general feature in the character of my countrymen—especially of those to whom I address myself. No, I have rarely, if ever, met with instances of incivility or uncourteousness among you ; and depend upon it, that you will always make friends by an humble, respectful, and obliging demeanour ; by humility, I do not mean slavish obedience, and degradation of character—that feeling which leads a man sometimes to walk or run half a mile or more alongside of his landlord, or any other great man, with his hat in his hand ; and go upon his knees, perhaps, if he has a favour to ask. No, but a slight and respectful salute even to a *stranger*, if he have the deportment of a *real* gentleman, is always creditable to the peasant whom natural or acquired civility induces to pay this mark of attention ; and gratifying to the person who receives it, who, if he be a *foreigner*, reports gratefully of your *manners*, and defends you from the aspersions of those who would calumniate them.

Children, too, if properly brought up, should make a little bow or courtsey to the gentry of the country, who, depend upon it, will be more likely to live among you and promote your welfare, than if they were passed by without these symptoms of respect, to which, if they are the kind of people they ought to be, they are in some degree entitled ; but children must have good examples at *home*, in habits, language, and manners, else they will not appear to advantage out of doors. If a parent uses indecent

or profane words, and is a bad example in other respects, what can be expected from his children?—If his lips be foul-mouthed, those of his children cannot be clean.

The other day I went into a cabin, in order to send a little boy, about ten years old, of an *errand*; his mother and he were at home when I went in—sitting by the fireside, and watching the boiling of a pot of stirabout—up jumped the woman to wipe a chair, which she civilly handed to me; but the little boy remained squatting as I had found him: he gaped at me, without the slightest change of posture—without bow or scrape, of any kind. His mother went over to him, gave him a blow of the pot-hooks, which she had in her hand, on the shoulders, accompanying this harsh hint with these words—“You son of a —— (you may imagine the word) where are your *manners* afore the masther?” This was pretty language for her child to hear: he was fortunately stupid enough not to perceive what his accomplished mother had been calling herself, and sensible enough to see that he was expected to stand up, which he did, shrugging his shoulders, and wriggling his body, as if fleas were playing hop step and jump on his skin, and pulling a front lock of his hair—which reminded me of plucking a goose—an operation which it makes my blood thrill to think of.

Familiarized to the sound of gross and sinful expressions, how can children avoid picking them up, and habitually using them afterwards? It is an old remark that “example is better than precept;” if, therefore, you wish, as I am sure you do, to have your children *well-mannered* and *well-spoken*, you must take care to set them the *example*, which is better than a thousand orations. But good *manners*, though to be regarded, are far less important than

*Good Morals.*

This is a very weighty subject; I wish I had time and space for entering more fully into it.

It is in infancy and youth that our characters are formed; and as these rarely alter in their principal features in after years, too much care cannot be taken of childrens' morals from their infancy. But parents must be models of what they desire in their children: if they be drunkards, or even fond of an occasional glass to excess, they cannot expect their children to be sober and temperate in all things: if they teach them the commandments of God, one of which is, *Thou shalt not steal*, and yet play the rogue themselves, in any degree—if they over-reach in bargains, tell lies about the animals which they sell, and take undue advantage of the simplicity of others in the presence of their children, they are practically teaching their children to be dishonest. Of what benefit is it to be *told* what is right, if they are led to *do* what is wrong. Children are very keen-sighted in some things, and quickly see through this falsehood and deception.

The melancholy fact is, that your children are too generally trained up to be what is called *sharp* and *'cute*—that is, to take every possible advantage which does not amount to downright robbery—and they are especially instructed to conceal the truth, if the telling of it should in any way injure the interests of themselves or their friends. I have known a child to be beaten for answering a question in sincerity and truth. This is horrible to think of—"Don't tell for your life, or I'll break every bone in your carcase," is the usual phrase by which a child is taught to conceal facts which ought to be disclosed at once, in an honest, straight-forward way. *Cunning*, in short, too frequently characterises my humble countrymen; but, believe me, cunning is very nearly re-



lated to dishonesty and falsehood—they are first cousins; and, you know, there is never luck when first cousins intermarry.

You would be shocked if you were told that you, who are *stewards*, as it were, for your childrens' benefit, and answerable to God for their conduct here and hereafter, were bringing them up to *roguey*—you who, perhaps, pride yourselves on your honesty—I mean, honesty according to the letter of the law.—You frequently bring them as near the *bound's ditch* of dishonesty, as you possibly can. Are you to wonder then if they should jump over it altogether?

It is most horrifying to see a parent chastising a child for a *small offence*, when he himself commits a much greater one of the same kind, and has actually taught the poor creature to do so: this is *unjust*, and utterly inexcusable. I will give you a case in point.

The horrifying screams of a fine, chubby, little boy one day quickly attracted me to the spot, in a small village, where he was undergoing a tremendous flogging. A huge man was standing over him, apparently in a dreadful passion; his mouth actually foamed, and he could hardly speak; the mother of the boy could not restrain his hands, which were belabouring the culprit with a thick rope on every part of the body. Fearing that the child might be killed, I ran up to save him, just as the father—as he proved to be—was finishing his operations with three or four unmerciful kicks on the head and stomach: he stopped at last, more from weariness than pity. I addressed him—as the wretched little boy was limping away in tears and groans to sob out his feelings in his mother's lap—"What is the matter?" enquired I, "O, sir, that I should have lived to see this day! I who have always been noted for my honest character among the neighbours, to be so *disgraced* by that boy." "What has he done?—he is too young to be very desperate—what has he done?" By

this time, Jem had cooled, and was able to explain the cause of his severity to poor Johnny. A rope had been dropped by some neighbour, on the high road, opposite this man's door, and Johnny, very naturally (former circumstances considered) had taken the rope to his father, who flogged him in the way I have mentioned, *because he had not left it where he had found it!*\* At this time I knew nothing of Jem or his family; and after a little advice to be more gentle in any future inflictions on his offending children, I left the place, powerfully impressed with the conviction, that I had found a truly honest neighbourhood, in which the slightest approaches to theft were so promptly and efficaciously checked. But what were the true circumstances? The neighbourhood, as my next little *fact* will tend to show, was, and is still, I hope, remarkable for the honesty of its numerous inhabitants, who are well looked after, I can tell you, by the landlord: but Jem was more than suspected of being a sheep-stealer; he himself, in reality, was a kind of black sheep among his neighbours; and though his little boy must have known, (by the concealment of the meat, and the injunction to tell every one that he had nothing but dry potatoes to eat,) that the sheep's heads which he sometimes had share of, were not honestly come by; he was, for the credit-sake of his father, just as a *make-believe* to the neighbours, treated in this cruel and unjust way: but Jem was only despised and avoided the more—and the child, of course, pitied by every one in the village.

The trait of genuine honesty which I have alluded to, was this: a foreign vessel, with bags of dollars (very tempting things, let me tell you) was wrecked on the coast of a place called Bannow; long after the materials had been sold, and the strand

\* A fact.

—a very unfrequented and retired one—completely cleared from every thing, and every living person who had been concerned in selling and removing this wreck, a farmer happening to pass alone and unobserved, found a solitary bag of the dollars peeping above the sand. Now, a wind-fall of this kind being every where else considered fair spoil, you will naturally suppose that the finder pocketed the cash, to pay rent, or buy stock, or to hide it in the thatch of the house; no such thing; this strictly honest man carried the dear little bag of dollars to the next magistrate, without even opening it to reckon its contents. Nobody would have been the wiser if he had kept them, except ONE; and He, who “knoweth the secrets of the heart,” had given a principle of integrity to this man, which enabled him to say, “How can I do this wickedness?” and to resist the temptation, which many a richer and greater man who *wears boots*, and carries his head high, would have yielded to. I fear that I am teasing you with little stories; but let me finish this number with one more; it is an instance of disgrace attendant upon thievery, which, if it does not make you melancholy, may at least furnish a hint for punishing petty roguery.

I have an old maid-servant who dresses dinner, milks cows, makes butter, bakes bread, feeds fowl, washes and mends clothes, and does a hundred other little matters besides; one day she had finished her churning, and laid aside on the dairy-table some rolls of butter which she intended to crock. Peg Carthy, a woman employed in weeding, and other out-of-door work, happened to come into the dairy for some buttermilk, which I allowed her to get three times a week for her family. Molly Butler—so is the other woman named—popped into the kitchen to see if the *gossoon*,\* whom she had left

\* Irish; an unpaid, barefooted boy, employed in doing any thing and every thing, for his bit.

turning a spit, on which was a goose for dinner, was minding his work; on returning to the dairy after this necessary inspection, she missed about a pound of the fresh butter, which had been intended either for her own private use, or for my own and Mrs. Doyle's breakfast: no body had been in the dairy during Molly's short absence, but Peg Carthy, who, of course, must have been the thief. Molly kept her counsel to herself, but was determined to give poor Peggy a good practical lesson against butter-stealing: accordingly, she slapped the little boy turnspit, on the back, told him to run out for a basket of turf, and asked Peg to sit down in his place. Peggy, you must know, wore on this day a black beaver hat, which I myself had given her a week before—and an excellent hat it would have been, but that it had lost the rim, and was a little cracked in the crown; still it was a good hat for Peggy Carthy's head. Well; down sat Peggy at Molly Butler's bidding, and began to turn the spit: in a little time she became warm, and evidently fidgetty in her seat, and looked about anxiously for little Jemmy, who appeared slower than usual in his movements with the turf; in he came; but Molly had something else for him to do, and still kept Peggy at the fire.

"I'm very hot, Mrs. Butler," said Peggy, at length.

"Take off your beaver, Peggy asthore," replied Molly, "and you wont regard the fire."

"Why then I'm troubled with the rheumatism pains in my head, and would be afeard to uncover my skull," rejoined Peg.

In short all her efforts to disengage herself from the position in which her tormentor had placed her, were quite ineffectual: there she stuck, until a very greasy looking moisture on her face, attracted Molly's eye.

"Why then, what ails you, my honey? you look for all the world as if you were basted," kindly remarked the old cook.

"May be I am," replied the other; "I believe the butter I was basting the bird with, fell on myself in mistake."

But unfortunately for poor Peggy's character, the butter which had been all this time in the crown of her beaver, now began to stream down her red forehead and cheeks so profusely, that she could sit out her punishment no longer. Up, then, she bounced, and darted into the yard, where Molly, leaving Jemmy, who had by this time returned to his duty at the fire—with great apparent concern followed the thief. There was no denying the truth now: Peggy's face, (for there was a frost,) was in a moment enclosed in a congealed mask of butter, and presented the appearance of a larded fowl, or a coated hare. She cried plentifully, and promised never to do the like again, if Molly wouldn't tell the mistress or me. But Molly, who is herself as *honest as the sun*, not willing to have a thief admitted into the house, told me the story; and you now have it as I heard it.

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## No. VIII.

### *Temperance.*

Some of the cleverest and best medical men in Ireland, are of opinion that neither punch nor ardent spirits should be used by any of us, except in a few cases of disease which rarely occur. Having no objection myself—quite the contrary—to a single tumbler of punch, I am puzzled as to what I shall say to you about total abstinence from it. You and I like a drop of it, and of course can find reasons enough for indulging ourselves, I mean in moderation: but as it is certainly reasonable to hear what

is said by the most competent judges, and some of the best men in our country, in favor of *total abstinence* from spirits, however diluted with water, I shall give you some of the strongest arguments which I have met with in support of their opinion; and then with an observation or two from myself, leave the decision of the matter to your own good sense. But, first of all it may not be amiss to say a few words against *Drunkenness*, in condemnation of which every body must agree.

If I were to write for twelve months without intermission, I could not enumerate half the horrible evils which arise from dram-drinking and drunkenness: loss of appetite, health, strength, reason, property, are among the curses which follow the drunkard's path; children reduced to beggary—half naked, half starved, destroyed in body, and it is to be apprehended in soul also by the example held forth by intemperate parents. If the histories of those ruined families which have their habitation in large cities, were to be placed before us, if their degraded state were traced from effect to cause, through all the progressive stages of their lives, we should in most cases, come to *dram-drinking* as the polluted source of the miseries we bewail; the heart shudders, and humanity sickens at the *sights* of woe and wretchedness which populous towns present: children deserted by those whose duty it is to foster and protect them, passing their time in the most idle wanderings; taught to lie, and steal, and beg, to supply, perhaps, a drunken mother or a brutal father (for dram-drinking brutifies the temper) with the poison which is their ruin.

Sometimes a tender child is seen in the midnight hour, folding its little hands, and imploring charity—sent out, under the threat of punishment and privation, by some unfeeling monster, who grasps the halfpence which the helpless creature has brought him, after hours of cold and anguish suffered in the

open streets, and hurries to those whiskey shops which it is the shame and the disgrace of our government to tolerate; and which, women—women, on whose care the education and the condition of all families chiefly depend—frequent in equal—aye, in greater numbers than the men. Just look at the countenance of an habitual dram-drinker; you may know him in his sober hours by his appearance; his breath is offensive; his eyes dim; his walk tottering; his face pale; his person thin; and his hand trembling; and, if I could speak lightly on such a subject, I would say that his nose—by which he is often led into the temptation of whiskey-drinking, proves by its purple colour and the grog-blossoms which it exhibits, the nature of his beverage. But this prominent member does not always appear lighted up as a beacon-warning to all other voyagers on the sea of life; it often escapes the punishment which its own intemperance or that of the other transgressing senses so richly merit; for some people can drink a long time with apparent impunity, though in the *end* they suffer. Such persons are, as a good man used to call them, “the devil’s decoys:” they tempt others to follow them into depths from which there is no escape. How many *accidents* happen from drunkenness! every one of you must have witnessed or heard of many in your own neighbourhood. “Poor man, he fell from his car, coming home, and was killed!” “What caused the fall?” “I believe the crathur had a little sup in him!”

Ardent spirit, *habitually* taken, is in *every* way ruinous. The dram-drinker won’t use any water with it; he must have it *raw*—just as the publican chooses to give it—in all probability mixed with vitriol, or some other poison. He won’t be content with *grog*; and as to *beer*, be it ever so good, he holds it in contempt.

“ Enough is as good as a feast,  
 Did a man his just measure but know :  
 A drunkard is worse than a beast,  
 When he neither can stand, sit, nor go !”

He is ten times worse than the beasts, who will not knowingly take poison; but a drunkard, with his eyes open to the consequence of his excess, takes what will excite his passions, ruin his health, impoverish his pocket, and wear out every trace of the image of God. HIS sacred name leads me to remind you of these awful words:—“Be not deceived—God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor covetous persons, nor *drunkards*, shall inherit the kingdom of God.” You see *drunkenness* is classed among the greatest crimes; it is therefore vain to attempt an excuse of it on any grounds. What a character of drunkenness is the following:—

### “ DRUNKENNESS

Expels reason,  
 Distempers the body,  
 Inflames the blood,  
 Impairs the memory,  
 A witch to the senses,  
 A devil to the soul,  
 A thief to the purse,  
 A beggar's companion,  
 A wife's woe,  
 Children's sorrow,  
 The picture of a beast,  
 A self-murderer,  
 Who drinks to the good health of others,  
 and  
 destroys his own, as well  
 as the happiness of those whom  
 he ought to protect,  
 love,  
 and cherish.”



But though a man's nose does not *always* show that there is a fire within, I may very seriously tell you that there are instances of persons being burned to death, without the application of fire or candle, from the constant use of ardent spirits. If a man's nose, however, be fiery red from drink, I should always apprehend that combustion might take place in his body. He carries a torch, as it were, and should be avoided; only that it is a remarkable feature (I don't mean the nose, but the fact that I am going to mention) in this kind of combustion, that a blaze does not take place. I should be very unwilling, however, to give a night's lodging to a very inflamed nose, even though it should not absolutely set the sheets, curtains, and house on fire. But let us have the *facts*—absolute *facts*—which are as awful instances of Divine visitation as can well be conceived.

“A woman, who for three years had used spirituous liquors to such an excess that she would take no other nourishment, having sat down one evening to sleep, was consumed in the night-time, so that next morning no part of her was found but the scull and the extreme joints of the fingers; all the rest of her body was reduced to ashes.

“Mary Clues, aged fifty, was much addicted to intoxication. Her propensity to this was such, that for about a year scarcely a day passed in which she did not drink at least half a pint of rum, or aniseed water. Her health gradually declined; she was attacked with jaundice, and was confined to her bed. She still continued her old habit of drinking. One morning she fell on the floor; and her weakness having prevented her getting up, she remained so till some one entered and put her to bed. At five in the morning a smoke was seen issuing through the window; and the door being broken open, some flames which were in the room were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate Clues: one leg and a

thigh were still entire ; but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, or the bowels. The bones of the head, the breast, the spine, and the upper extremities were entirely burned to a cinder. The furniture had sustained little injury. The side of the bed next the chimney had suffered most : the wood of it was slightly burnt ; but the feathers, clothes, and covering were safe. Nothing except the body exhibited any strong traces of fire.

“A similar case is the following :—a woman, about fifty years of age, who indulged to excess in spirituous liquors, and got drunk every day, was found entirely burnt, and reduced to ashes. Some of the bony parts only were left ; but the furniture had suffered very little damage.

“A woman at Paris, who had been accustomed for three years to drink brandy to such a degree that she used no other liquor, was one day found entirely reduced to ashes, except the skull and extremities of the fingers.

“Grace Pitt, aged about sixty, had a habit of coming down from her bed-room, half-dressed, to smoke a pipe. One night she came down as usual. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning, when she went down to the kitchen, found her mother stretched out on the right side, with her head near the grate, having the appearance of a log of wood consumed by fire, without an apparent flame. The bad smell and smoke which exhaled from the body almost suffocated some of the neighbours, who hastened to the girl's assistance. The trunk was, in some measure, burned to cinders ; and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head, the arms, the legs, and the thighs had also participated in the burning. This woman had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquor. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burned entirely out in the candlestick, which was close to her. Besides, there were

found, near the consumed body, the clothes of a child and a paper-screen, which had sustained no injury. The dress of this woman consisted of a cotton gown. "A man had a wife who got intoxicated every day. This woman was found consumed, at the distance of a foot and a half from the hearth, in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower extremities, and a few of the vertebræ, had escaped combustion. A foot and a half of the flooring under the body had been consumed; but a kneading trough and a powdering tub, which were very near the body, had sustained no injury. The husband declared, that about eight in the evening he had retired to rest with his wife, who, not being able to sleep, had gone into the kitchen; that, having fallen asleep, he was awakened about two o'clock by an infectious smell; and that, having run into the kitchen, he found the remains of his wife in the state above described.

"An old lady, 80 years of age, exceedingly meagre, who had drunk nothing but spirits for several years, was sitting in her elbow-chair before the fire, while her waiting-maid went out of the room for a few minutes. On her return, seeing her mistress on fire, she immediately gave an alarm, and some people having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinguish the flames with his hand, but they adhered to it, as if it had been dipped in brandy. Water was thrown on the lady in abundance, yet the fire appeared more violent, and was not extinguished till the whole flesh had been consumed. Her skeleton, exceedingly black, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched.

"Old women who are addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, are most subject to spontaneous combustion. The combustion is almost always general, but sometimes it is partial: the feet, hands, and top of the head are the only parts that have been preserved. Although a very large quantity of wood is

necessary for burning a corpse, this kind of burning occurs without inflaming the most combustible substances. The presence of air is shown not to be necessary; and it is found that water, instead of extinguishing the fire, only gives it more activity. When the flame has disappeared, the combustion continues within the body.

"Perhaps the frightful details of so horrid an evil as that of self-combustion, will reclaim drunkards from their practices. An historian relates that at Sparta children were deterred from drunkenness by exhibiting to them the spectacle of intoxicated slaves, who filled the minds of these young spectators with so much contempt, that they avoided drunkenness for ever. What if they had been told the history of these combustions?"\*

But such terrible examples of divine vengeance are rare.

There are, however, other effects of dram drinking, less awful from their frequency, but not less warning in their nature.

In Portadown, not long ago, two men and a boy, after drinking raw whiskey at night, were found dead in the morning. In another place, a wretched creature who had been plied with spirits in order to induce him to head a drunken mob instigated by publicans, to ridicule a temperance society, dropped down dead in his impious work.

I am in possession of two individual instances of the use, or rather abuse of ardent spirits, the first of which terminated fatally, and the other nearly so, when a change of circumstances gave spur to resolution, and the man escaped.

The first was in a most respectable walk of society, a well-educated gentleman, in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of health and strength. He had acquired a habit of taking drams when wet or overheated; this

\* See Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

tendency gradually gained on him, until he had acquired a habit of daily and habitual dram-drinking, even when not under the influence of fatigue or damp. So rapidly did it increase, as to the quantity which the excited stomach made him feel it necessary to consume, that before his friends were well aware of his unhappy practice, and within nine months from the day when he sat at a hospitable board, in the most respectable company, a model of temperance, he was carried to an untimely grave the victim of sudden and excessive drunkenness.

The other instance was in another class of life, that of an upper servant in a high family, cherished and entrusted from a boy, for the space of thirty years. At length the fatal whiskey obtained such a tyrannic power over his body and mind, as to bring him nearly to the state of the unfortunate gentleman before mentioned, and whom he had been in the habit of attending at his master's table. The suddenness of his decease, and his own dismissal from his valuable and long-enjoyed situation, caused a revulsion, interrupted his dangerous habit, gave his reason time to exert itself, and, most gratifying to think! he is now restored to service and character, having, by a bold and unusual exertion, got rid of the vile propensity, which, in a few months more, would have laid him in the same churchyard in which the other unhappy victim to the use of ardent spirits had been interred.

A person lately gave at a Temperance Society Meeting the following account of twenty-two individuals of his acquaintance :

"Here is a list, containing the names of twenty-two individuals, once well known in the neighbourhood where I reside, who have all perished miserably in a state of intoxication.

"I was intimately acquainted with the most of them, and had some acquaintance with them all. Many of them were once very respectable characters

in their different professions and employments. Nine of them were drowned, and their corpses found in the water afterwards. Three of them were taken out of the water alive, but in a condition so exhausted that they died in a few hours. Five of them perished at night, in the ditches at the sides of the road leading from the public-houses towards their own homes, never again to see their wives or children, their friends or habitations. The other five were carried home drunk, and laid on that bed, from which they never rose."

I know the following to be the history of the effects of drinking ardent spirits in a single neighbourhood. Of the chief family, two brothers became deranged from drinking, the third is a periodical drunkard. Four brothers of another family, all in the prime of life, and possessing large properties, killed themselves drinking. Of another family within half a mile's distance, one brother was killed by a fall from his horse, while drunk; another drove his horse into a river, and was drowned, while drunk; a third lay in his bed and drank till he died, and the fourth is drinking away."

Forty-eight of the Dublin-physicians and surgeons have certified, that they consider ardent spirits as the most productive cause of the poverty and wretchedness of the working classes in Dublin—three-fourths of the beggary—four-fifths of the crime—and one half of the madness which prevail there, are traced to the excessive use of ardent spirits. The Right Rev. Doctor Doyle, in his excellent and useful letter to the Secretary of the Dublin Temperance Society, says, that "excessive drinking is the root of all evil in Ireland, and that he knows not a vice that has not its origin in Drunkenness, or does not receive increase from it." Whiskey kills more victims than any diseases whatever—fills the gaols and the hospitals, and brings sorrow and anguish of heart to the innocent, as well as to the guilty, more than

any other cause whatever. Most of the crimes which are committed in this country—robberies, burglaries, aye, and murders too, are planned under the influence of whiskey—a remarkable instance of this is thus stated to have occurred in the south of Ireland. “One fellow was telling another of some terrible vengeance he intended to take for some injury, real or imaginary.” “Och, Tom, sure you would’nt find it in your heart to do such a thing?” “Yes, but I would though,” replied the other, “*with the help of whiskey!*”

The Irish character is naturally kind and chearful; and were it kept free from the excitement of politics and whiskey, would shine, as to its lower classes, beyond that of other nations. It is melancholy to see a brave, warm-hearted, and naturally amiable people, who are grateful for kindness, and unsubdued by privations, turned into ferocious savages by those excitements, which every prudent man should avoid—but where is the man that is prudent at all times, and has steadiness enough not “to put into his mouth, (as I have read in a play) an enemy to take away his brains?” I do really believe that but for the whiskey, there would be nothing but shaking *hands* in a fair, instead of *cudgels*; and that the animosities of *factions* would, in most instances, be smoothed down, and mellowed by a few imperial quarts of nuthrown ale.

But you will say, “This is all very true—*drunkenness* is very bad—*too much* whiskey is destructive—but *an odd glass*, or a tumbler of punch now and then, cannot do any harm whatever.” That a *hard-working man* may take punch or a dram occasionally without much injury, I readily admit: that a glass of grog would sometimes be of comfort, and perhaps of use to him, is very probable—I don’t at all deny or doubt this. But as long as sober men indulge in a temperate glass, they countenance the drunkard in some degree, and bear their part in encouraging the

use of a poison, which it would be happy for Ireland if she had never seen; besides, as long as men are to be, themselves, the judges of what is *moderation*, so long there is no security against their transgression of the bounds of sobriety: one glass leads to another, if another can be obtained; and thus what began in moderation, slides into intemperance and downright intoxication. Many a man who thinks himself very sober, would, if the temptation came in his way, assuredly fall into drunkenness. You well know that on almost every occasion on which people meet for business or pleasure, the whiskey-bottle is made a party; that neither wake nor funeral is without it; and that even the solemnity of the grave is sometimes disturbed by its polluting presence. Is there a christening or a marriage without it? Is there a fair or a patron without it? Is there a single bargain concluded—a cow or a pig bought or sold in a market or fair without the whiskey-bottle being introduced before the payment? Look at the tents—how they are filled with fathers of families—with young boys, taught to consider that their approaches to *manliness* and *manhood* are best proved by their ability to drink without being sick or drunk, or, in other words, by *making their heads* in time. See young women in those places, under pretence of being treated to a *fairing* of gingerbread, in reality indulging in punch and coarse conversation, which too often is the accompaniment of strong drink, and then tell me that you are all sober people, and that whiskey does no harm. See the small holder or labourer, whose only business at a fair is, perhaps, to buy a spade-handle, standing at the tent door in hopes of meeting some *good, gay fellow* (that is, some tipsy fool) who will treat him to a glass or a *naggin*. What becomes of him afterwards?—I'll tell you—

“He goes into a tent, and he spends half-a-crown;  
Comes out, meets a friend, and for love knocks him down!”



and then pays a month's visit to the tread-mill—his family reduced to beggary in the mean time.

Drinking in company is a very bewitching vice: the company of tipplers (*moderate* men, as they probably call themselves) should be avoided altogether by the man who is really sober. He who, if unseduced by company, would ride home quietly from a fair, after his business, and take a drink, merely to refresh himself and quench his thirst, would have taken, had he gone into a tent, a great deal more than he ought.

"Do you see that horse drinking?" said a farming gentleman once to his herd, who, to the great injury of his master's cattle, had been tempted at a fair to guttle a great deal, "he just takes what is good for him, and no more?"

"Thru for you, masther," said the other, "but he has nobody to say to him, 'here's to ye!'"

Talking of *guttling*—That a man who helped me in fairs as a buyer, might be on the green at the first dawn, I sent him the night before to the next town, where, I believe, he plied the whiskey pretty freely. However, not to put him past his judgment, for he had sixteen good yearlings set and priced for me as I rode in, about seven o'clock, all which I paid for, and drove out, well pleased with my bargains.

I saw that George had been drinking, and said, "I will not offer you a single dram, lest it should do you harm, as you have been *looking at your little finger* already."

"I have indeed, Mr. Doyle; but if we are to buy any more, I'd want a drink of porter to quench my thirst; for, sure enough, I got rather much of the pot-teen in the town."

"Oh, surely George, I'll not refuse you that, as you did your business well." So I sent him into a tent, and desired the mistress to give him a drink of porter, and told her I would call and pay her when I rode round the fair. She asked how much he was to have: I said, as much as he wished for. On call-

ing for him at the tent in fifteen minutes, he turned out, fresh for duty, having swallowed, to my surprise, what I had to pay for—two gallons of porter!!!

Now this was real *gutting*; and the indulgence of a capacity of that nature, though it might not kill a man so soon, would have a most beastly and immoral tendency. So that when the use of good malt liquor prevails (which I hope is not far distant), recollect that it should be the moderate use, else much of its value as a beverage, instead of maddening and destructive whiskey, will be done away.

In short, if you will allow that whiskey is a curse to the land—that it creates misery and poverty to a frightful extent; you will, I hope, admit that all of us, rich and poor, should lend a helping hand to banish it altogether:

But a very natural objection will be made by the farmer, if we abandon the use of whiskey altogether. "What are we to have on those occasions, when habits of good-fellowship make something of this sort necessary?" and, "What will keep up the price of barley, even to its present low rate, if it were not consumed in the distillery?" To this I answer—"Encourage the brewers by your demand for ale and beer: if you alter your *tastes* from whiskey to beer, the brewers will find it their interest to give you, as they do in England, good malt drink; competition would make them do this; they would use malt and hops, which they rarely use at present, except in a few places, and large quantities of barley would be consumed in this way."

As to the *distillers*, I do not wish to injure nor to blame them; while the demand for whiskey continues, they will naturally continue to employ their capital and machinery in supplying it. Let the demand cease, and their distilleries will be soon converted into breweries, without, I should hope, any loss to them. I repeat, that I do not in the slightest degree blame *them*; but I do blame those who,

alive, as they are, from every day's observation, to the tricks of retail sellers license such numbers, who, by drugs, make whiskey infinitely more pernicious than it would otherwise be. When I tell you, that in one street in Dublin, consisting of one hundred and thirty solvent houses, as they are called, seventy are whiskey shops, you may have some just notion of the drunkenness of the people of that city, and of the consequences which must flow to the nation, from the want of restraint upon their spirit-drinking: the fact is, that many wealthy citizens, reckless of the consequences which affect the drunkard, derive large incomes from public houses, and, of course, exert themselves to the utmost to obtain licence for publicans. I know one gentleman in particular who receives £100 a year, rent for each of two small houses in an obscure street in Dublin. The churchwardens having refused to renew a certificate of good conduct for a man who rented one of these two houses, because the publican had also kept a house of ill-fame, these conscientious men were summoned before a court to show cause why they had refused the certificate. Power and interest were arrayed against them; but the licence was happily resisted.

Why do I mention this?—Just to show that the moral reformation on this head should begin with the people themselves; and that every man of you, who wishes well to his countrymen, should determine to forsake the use of ardent spirits altogether. *At all events, never to drink in a whiskey shop\**

America, until very lately, has been a nation of drunkards, as you may judge when I tell you that fifty-six millions of gallons of ardent spirits were consumed in the United States in the year 1817, being an average of about five gallons per head, women and children included! In the last year, the quan-

\* This determination would best effect the object of the Temperance Society.

tity consumed was only eighteen millions, through the influence of "Temperance Societies," of which there are now more than one thousand, comprising one hundred thousand members,

But let us look at home.—Last year there were consumed in Ireland, very nearly *ten millions of gallons*, which going through the hands of the retailers, made about *fourteen millions of gallons*, the cost of which—mind, a voluntary tax too—amounted to six millions three hundred thousand pounds! About seventy years ago, half a million of gallons was considered a frightful quantity, and now we have twenty-eight times as much, although the increase of population bears no proportion to that consumption. I will not, however, press you farther at present upon this, but leave matters to your own good sense till I address you again—closing this number with a little story (for I know you are fond of a story) of a neighbour of mine, who thinks whiskey better than doctor's stuff for any patient, and especially in his own case.

Riding one day to see a friend, I overtook Jack Lynch, a very drunken cobbler, and as is my way, fell into conversation with him, asking him how his trade was thriving at present.

"Badly, Mr. Doyle, very badly—nothing doing at all: sorrow a stitch I set this week, and of coorse, sorrow a drop of potteen wet my lips for the same blessed time."

"That's all well, Jack; I wish that was always the case with you, I mean as to the potteen."

"For why? Mr. Doyle. Mustn't a man eat or drink? And if the pratees are scarce, what have we to comfort our hearts but the drop? And where are we to get that same? It was plenty enough when I could earn twenty pence a day asy; but that's all over: never a hand's turn doing since Father Tom preached agin the pathrons, to keep the boys quiet in these troublesome times. Oh, its then the work

came fast ; not a boy or girl in the parish that would give in, but would foot it, heel and toe, till every welt and heeltap would fly all to pieces, just like brown paper. That was my harvest, Mr. Doyle ; but since that stopped, duce a job I've got, barn one from Billy the Bunnion, to aise his brogues afore a drive to the fair of Timmun. But sure enough we oughtn't to complain, for the gentlemen are good to the poor. What would we do, at all at all, but for the gentlemen and the dispinsaries ?—God bless them : and Mr. Doyle, dear, would you sign a paper for me to the docthor for some medicines ?”

“ Why, Jack, you seem in very good health ; you keep up to my horse at four miles and a half an hour, that's no great sign of bad health.”

“ Oh, it is not myself, but the wife and childer, that are very bad.”

“ And what ails the wife, Jack ?”

“ Why, Mr. Doyle, she says as how it is as if you would take a wattle, and be wattling pratees in her stomach ; and I bleeve its could the childer caught ; but they all want something from the docthor, and I hope you will sign for me.”

“ Well, Jack, I'll be at the dispensary myself at one o'clock, meet me there. I must ride on.

“ But Mr. Doyle, dear,” shouting after me. I pulled up.

“ Well, Jack.”

“ May be you'd want a peand of salts, Mr. Doyle ? (pulling from his pocket a parcel tied up in blue paper.) I can let you have it for four pence, and you'd pay tinpence for it in the town.”

“ Why, Jack, what would I do with a ponnd of salts, unless for a cow hoved with cloyer ?”

“ Oh, murder, to give the raal Ipsom to a cow ! och, if it's for that, I can give you clauber, for less than half the money. Who ever heard of giving the raal Ipsom to anything but a Christian.”

“ But Jack, how do you come by all the salts ?”

"Why then, Mr. Doyle, I'll tell you that—long life to the gentlemen and the dispensaries, they're good to the poor: and sure Sir, betune you and I, when I get more salts than the wife and childer, if they were ever so bad, could put into them, what harm in turning the overplush into a stone of meal, or even a half pint of whiskey now and then?"

"Oh then, Mr. Jack, I'll give you no recommendation since that is your trade."

"Arrah, Mr. Doyle, do you think I'd take it all from our own dispensary. I beg your pardon, I travel farther than that for it. It is'n't at Oulart I get it, nor at Enniscorthy, nor at Ferns, nor Camolin, nor Gorey, nor Killena, nor Carnew, but at all of them put together—oh, its hard walking, but sure one must be doing something; and it's harder making interest among the subscribers. But long life to the gentlemen, they're good to the poor. You wouldn't be wanting the pound of Ipsom, Mr. Doyle, dear."

Now here was a pretty fellow for you—imposing on the charity of the public, with a vengeance; but, I believe, there are few people, however distressed, who would follow Jack Lynch's plan of making a penny, even if they could escape the watchfulness of the dispensary doctors, many of whom are of great service to the public. Occasional abuses or instances of neglect and indifference on the part of those gentlemen, will sometimes occur, but rarely, I hope; and there is no neighbourhood in which the advantages arising from those dispensaries are not very considerable. Though the county cess is, as I know to my cost, a little increased by these establishments, to which our private subscriptions are also added, still I will *uphold* them to be absolutely necessary in this country, where there are no legal provisions for the sick poor.

## CONCLUSION.

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Well, my friends, we are pretty near the end of this little volume, and maybe you will say, "so much the better"—no, you will not—and why?—because you *are* my friends, and begin to look upon Martin as an old acquaintance; and if I gave you worse stuff than I do, you would be very apt to *back me up* for old acquaintance-sake, for I never knew a well-treated Irishman who was not ready to acknowledge a friend.

I hope I don't improperly assume this title, feeling, as I do, and as you seem to admit by your reception of my publications, that my heart and pen are jointly engaged for your interest and welfare.

But my *well-wishers* are become so numerous, and the circle of them so widely extended by the circulation of these humble, but well-intended sheets, that my opportunities of *personal* acquaintance cannot keep pace, but are bounded by the district in which I live—here, indeed, I am at home; and if I had a five-acre field of corn on the *ledge* (where, by the bye, as I have already said, it never ought to be) and that the weather should break, there is not a boy in the parish, nor a girl neither, that would not give a willing help to put it out of danger. But, my

friends, (for I like to think and call you so), what shall I say to you now at parting?—a few words on a subject that you all have at heart—the old for the sake of the young, and the young for their own sake—and this important subject is

## EDUCATION.

*Education* is of two kinds—the bad, and the good; and all turns upon the choice to be made: I hope you will choose the latter, as the other would puzzle your heads with things, at best, unnecessary for you to know, whilst *this* would have the good effect of making you wiser men and better Christians; and this is the great end to be arrived at.

When the idea of educating the lower classes was first entertained and considered, it was opposed by many, as likely to substitute vain and unsatisfying knowledge, in the place of sober industry and necessary labour. But this was over-ruled (for who, with any heart or feeling, could agree to keep his fellow-man, created in the image of the Almighty, in the disgraceful state of blind and unassisted ignorance) and education has already spread over the entire surface of this island—to its remotest extremities. An error, however, of no trifling magnitude has interwoven itself with the system, by many considering education as the great *end*, instead of the *means* of attaining that end; and thus are its most useful components kept out of view, to make way for less valuable and more suspicious acquirements.

Having advised you on lighter matters, you will perhaps bear with me on one of greater importance and I do, with my usual sincerity, urge you to let education be applied, to open the mind, and guide the understanding to the Creator who made you and redeemed you, and will, if it be not your own fault, eventually save you. This is the great *end* to be obtained, and *education* is the happy *means*.



With this great end and object always in view, every other knowledge within the sphere of your situation in life, is gained with double advantage. You don't want by education to become *statesmen* or *privy counsellors*, but you want to become wiser men and better Christians; indeed, the latter title includes the former: in aiming at this, your whole moral character is advanced; and the smallest farmer among you, thus recommends himself to the landlord or his rational agent, as improved in steadiness and propriety. They perceive a constant attention to business, and an adoption (as far as may be) of Martin Doyle's hints, no party-feelings of animosity or revenge—no depredations—no nightly excesses—all going on smoothly, creditably, and prosperously, and the *small* farmer growing gradually into a *great* one, with his own small farmers, perhaps, under him, whom he will be able to guide and direct, when poor Martin is in his grave. This may be a *grave* subject for *Martin*; but you, perhaps, think it too much so for you: but recollect the old song—

"It is good to be merry and wise!"

and don't despair, for we will have our joke yet.

As I have touched upon this topic of education, I wish to make it practically useful to you; and I earnestly entreat of you, not to neglect the opportunities that you have now within your reach—of giving your children that rational and cheap education which may serve them through life and after death. Where is the man among you who has not, in his immediate neighbourhood, a good school to send them to? You have too much sense, I hope, to let any obstacle interfere with this duty which you owe to your offspring. The hurry of the spring or harvest work may sometimes be a fair excuse, but let the children give a closer attention to the school at other times. You have opportunities of instruction for your children, which are not possessed in the manu-

facturing districts of England and Scotland. In those places, when children reach the age of ten, they are taken to the factories; and the few hours which they have to rest from labour, are insufficient for sleep and food: yet, under these circumstances, I have seen young people attending *night schools*, at *a very late hour*, when they had to rise at five o'clock the next morning for their work. I visited a night school in Glasgow, where I saw one hundred and forty children at *half past nine at night*; and these were children of *Irish* parents, who, seeing the benefits of good education, which often confers wealth and power, anxiously availed themselves of the opportunities of knowledge which were most freely offered to them.

A proper and suitable education is too great a blessing to be rejected, and you know it well. Are there not many among yourselves, who would give half the potato crop to be able to write your own names? What did Peter Ryan, a very snug, decent little fellow, say to me the other day, when I had paid him for twenty barrels of lime, and bid him sign his name to the receipt? "Arrah, Mr. Doyle, be after taking the *pin* yourself, for in-troth I have no great larnin'!" now, to my knowledge, his son, Mick, but eleven years of age, cannot only sign his name, but will write you off half a page out of a book, in a pretty running-hand, and do you a hard sum in "the rule of three" into the bargain, beyond which I myself have never advanced, and I get on just as well as if I had learned *all the branches*. Peter, regretting that *larnin'* was not the fashion when he was a boy, is the more anxious to give Mick and his other children all the advantages of which he himself feels the want.

The facilities of education for the lower classes are most remarkable. I will tell you a fact that you may not be aware of, and that will surprise you much.

The number of children being instructed in Ireland by efficient masters, exceeds half a million—aye, upwards of five hundred and seventy thousand! What would Peter Ryan say to that?

I will tell you another fact; (you shall have no bounces from me) the number of books of instruction, information, and amusement for the lower orders spread over Ireland in about twelve years, falls very little short of fifteen hundred thousand!—exclusively of almost incalculable numbers of *that book*, which, if duly observed, and that no other had ever appeared on the earth but such as might open the way to its perusal, would have been all-sufficient for the happiness of man, here and hereafter. Eh, my friend Peter, don't you think little Micky might pick up something out of that lot? But I will tell you what is more extraordinary still. These little books are approved by all sects and denominations of Christians in this land; nor is there a book among them unadapted to the perusal of the youth of both sexes, and whatever degree of ignorance might have prevailed in Peter's days, and those of his wife, who though a brave hand at the churn, is, in point of learning, not a jot more gifted than her husband—and perhaps so much the better as she would hold the tighter hand—yet at this present writing, her niece Jenny, but a slip of a girl, twelve years old, can form a very pretty comparison between the agreeable *deceptions* of Sinbad the Sailor, and the interesting accounts in Captain Parry's Voyage of Discovery. I foresee in time to come, and perhaps sooner than Doctor Malthus would *prescribe*; the likelihood of a match between Micky and her; for Peter is very snug and warm, and the wife, it is said, is laying by a little *fodeen* for her sister's daughter.

Happen this as it may, one thing is certain, that both boy and girl have, with thousands of others, derived advantage from the present system of education, and from the extensive circulation of entertain-

ing and instructive publications. These publications have driven out of the field works of a very opposite description; "Histories of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees," and many other productions of a more vitiating tendency. These are beaten out of the field, and, as far as the press is concerned, morality reigns triumphant. I would have you cherish those innocent, useful, and entertaining books; and I should be wanting to you and to myself, not to recommend *my own* in particular.

Follow the instructions of Martin Doyle, instead of the example of Captain Freny; and if any of you of the labouring classes are *bent on the highway*, let it be over a heap of well-broken stones: for the blunderbuss and pistol substitute the hammer and pickaxe; and though your life may not be as *glorious* as that of the noble captain, your death will be less ignominious.

It is very agreeable to me to address a class of my countrymen, who most want my advice, and are most likely to take it; and I do advise you strongly to encourage the education of your children, in a plain and useful way, with the grand object of futurity in view, as I have already mentioned to you.—You do not want to make your children statesmen; as I have said—you want to make them *farmers*, if you can.

A great *dictator* found more pleasure in guiding the plough, than the state; and when called upon to do so, left his farm, cultivated by his own hands, with bitter regret. I need not trouble you with his name, which is a very hard one, and Latin besides; but if you are curious about it, some of the children will turn to it for you in the abridgment of the Roman history: but on this you may rely, that the honest, industrious, well-conducted, religiously-minded farmer is the happiest man.

Having told you, on this subject of education, what I would have you attend to, I will now mention what I wish you to avoid. However I may

agree with the poet, as to teaching "the young idea how to shoot," I should be very averse to your teaching the young *farmer* how to shoot; and my reason for this is plain—because the ardour for one field sport, leads to a passion for all—even among the upper classes. This often turns away the attention from necessary avocations, and, with those of an humbler line, whose bread depends upon their industry, should never be suffered to interfere with that. You will say, "What has this to do with education?" I answer "it has—by interrupting education more or less;" but I connect it with the subject, by a circumstance within my own knowledge, of a very industrious and prosperous farmer indulging his sons in this way, as a reward for their attendance at school. This leads me to mention what they do learn at school, which is the very point I wish to combat.

I must first tell you that their father is a person of *no great larnin'*, much like Peter Ryan, but a great deal richer and more extensive in his holding. By good farming and unceasing labour he has put together a great deal of money, and is getting forward prosperously. Like Peter, conscious of his own deficiency as to the *larnin'*, and determined that his sons should not resemble him in this respect, he sent them early to school. They are now stout lads, and far advanced—in what?—in Greek and Latin!!—in Sallust and Lucian!!! Now this is the bad education that I would have you avoid: a school of this description is a nuisance among you: the master is wrapped up in the pride of classical knowledge, and despises the lower branches of instruction, which would be *ten-fold* more valuable to your children than all his Greek and Latin.

The father, when I asked him why he sent his children to a Latin school, answered, that he thought it a *brave chance* to hit upon one that could *tache* it, for he was *tould* it was a fine thing to know the

*dead languages, and to be put through the authors.*

"What do you mean by the *dead languages*?" I inquired:

"Oeh, then, how can *I* tell that?—but sure they must be something great; and right foud he is of *tachin'* them, for, to lose no time, he lets the boys stretch their pallet in his own cabin, and I send them *lashins* of male and potatoes."

Now as I began this by objecting to an over-indulgence on the part of the honest farmer, it is but fair that I should acquit the boys of the abuse of it; and, to tell the honest truth, I had rather see them knock down a partridge or a hare, than hear them read a sentence in the books they are taught. This doctrine, however, would not go down in the *kingdom of Kerry*, where rich and poor are, or were some time ago, classical scholars. I recollect, some years back, riding through a valley in that country, and seeing a ragged fellow on a high rock, herding goats; I beckoned him to come down, and asked him some question about the romantic spot in which I stood. He did not understand a word I said, but addressed me very fluently in Latin. I was as badly off there—it being a little out of Martin's line—and we parted as wise at we met; for the *native* language, which he also tried on me, was thrown away upon a *Wexford* man. It struck me that he must have been taught the Latin in Irish, for not one word of English could he speak, or, I believe, understand. Not so another Latinist whom I fell in with the same day, and who answered me in tolerable English (but with a little more of the brogue than I was accustomed to) all the questions I put to him. This was a schoolmaster who had emerged from his little school-room of sods, at the edge of a turf-bog, and had collected his boys around him, under a sunny bank by the road side.

I asked him what he taught those fine boys? He

answered that he taught them Latin and Greek, and that he hoped I would let him put them through their *consthruin'* and *parsin'* for me. I told him I was a bad judge of those matters, and was hurrying on to Dingle. He pressed hard; and I at length compromised, by letting one boy be put *through his author*.

"Will you plase to let him do Homer or Virgil?" he inquired.

"Indeed, my friend," answered I, "it is pretty much the same to me."

"Well, Shane," said the master, tapping one of his boys on his shoulder, "take this Virgil in your hand, an' go on *there*, an' mind now—do you hear?—attintion—do it handsome for the gintleman—none of your dirty, mane, close, contracted thranslations, but free and lib'ral—do you mind me, Shane?"

He then directed my eye to the passage; I could read, but not understand it: but, when all was over, he wrote down for me to take home, the chief line of the sentence, together with the precise translation, word for word, which Shane accomplished; and this, in aid of my recollection, enables me to give it to you with accuracy: it began thus:—

"Æneas celsâ in puppi, jam certus eundi."

"Now, Shane my man, take care."

Shane (clearing his throat) begins—"Æneas—Æneas, Hector, Anchises, or any other great man."

"Very well, my boy!"

"Jam—now, or at any other time."

"That's right!"

"Certus—sure, sartin, or undetarmined."

"Right!"

"Eundi—of goin', sittin', standin', or the like."

"Well done!"

"Celsâ in puppi"—

"Take care what you're about—you're a good boy—but mind your hits now, Shane—be free and wide—mind that, astore."

"Celsa in puppi—in the high, tall, lofty, deep, poop, ship, pinnacle, or arm-chair."

"That's my boy! I'll give you a holyday for that, an' let you go to the hurlin' match to-morrow.—Oh, sir, it does one's heart good to hear a little jockey of this sort doing the thing as grand as Dryden.—That's the way I tache *my* boys; I would not give a sod of turf for any thing else: I'd rather they missed the sinse altogether, than not *constitue freely*."

I told him again I was but a bad judge, patted Shane upon the head, got his promised holyday extended to his schoolfellows, pocketed his copy of the passage and translation, and proceeded to my dinner and bed at Dingle.

Now, notwithstanding all this, I am still of opinion that this kind of education is not only useless, but injurious for the lower classes. One in ten thousand may possess great and decided talent, and rise through many difficulties to some eminence in a learned profession; but a smattering of that sort of knowledge is dangerous, and always sure to end in disappointment. Such knowledge creates pride; a certain degree of it makes a man think he is born to be a learned man, and that the handles of the plough, or the business of the counter, would disgrace him; but either of these is safe for him who attends to them, while the former is uncertain and deceitful. I will therefore *conclude my conclusion* with a short admonition. In the first place, let the useful knowledge acquired, be applied usefully and humbly, and not in the way of boasting\* over those

\* The following specimen of conceit and ignorance has just reached me :—

HUGH CASEY,

CERTIFIED LAND SURVEYOR.

Cooltraney, near Knocknacough, County Wexford,

Returns his most sincere thanks to his numerous friends among



who have not learned as quickly or as much as yourselves, and *keep clear of Latin and Greek*, and parties and politics, and cut up each of you a leaf of red deal, and make a little book-shelf, and it shall soon be occupied with nice little books, full of the good advice and practical instructions of

Your sincere friend, and

hearty well-wisher, c

MARTIN DOYLE.

the Nobility and Commonality, for the great applause and encouragement he has experienced since his commencement in practice; and as his extensive knowledge in that learned art is so well known from the different controverseys he has gained in the County of Wexford, and several parts of the County of Wicklow and Carlow, against noted practitioners, some of whom were in practice upwards of fifty years, that he flatters himself he will meet the justly merited approbation of an enlightened and impartial public.

Said Casey also fits out young gentlemen for the compting-house, army, and navy, and other learned professions.

Any gentleman who wishes to have the contents of his land freely ascertained, down surveys traced, controversies determined, or maps drawn and tastefully embellished in the most beautiful and engaging manner, by applying to said Casey, Coolgraney, near Knocknascough; or, to Mr. Patrick Mallowney, of said place, who is also continually making and settling controversies in that part of the country.

N. B. Casey cautions the public against employing certain dolts, who is infesting this part of the country, who go to bed asses, and no sooner had Morpheus favoured them with some pleasing dreams, but they awake in the morning, inspired land surveyors.

Dated this 10th day of Oct. 1830.



## APPENDIX.

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### *Epsom Salts,*

Are admirably well adapted to a great variety of complaints. An ounce dissolved in water, and taken early in the morning, is a common, and by no means a bad way of using them. It is better to take this medicine in the morning, in preference to night, as it is often quick in its operation; and it may be observed, with respect to all salts, that they act much better, and with more ease to the patient, when dissolved in a considerable quantity of fluid, and taken in small doses, at short intervals, than when dissolved in as much water only as is sufficient for their solution, and swallowed all at one dose. It is on this principle that the Cheltenham waters are found so certain and efficacious in their operation. In these waters a small quantity of purgative matter is dissolved in a large bulk of fluid; and these, from experience, are found to act best when taken in small doses and often. The method of using Epsom Salts, agreeably to this plan, is, to dissolve an ounce in a pint and a half of barley water, or common water, and to take three table spoonfuls every hour till it has the desired effect. One ounce of salts, two drams of senna leaves, half an ounce of manna, and one scruple of ginger, infused three or four hours in a pint of boiling water, in a close vessel, forms an excellent preparation, and one much used in any case where it is found necessary to open the bowels. This medicine is well adapted where there is any inflammation, as having a tendency to abate this, on account of the peculiar mode of its operation, for it is very clear that all purges have not this power equally. It

is highly proper where the body is bruised, or any way hurt from a fall or violent blow, Three spoonfuls may be taken every two or three hours, till the bowels are sufficiently affected. In hot weather some persons are subject to a redundance of bile, causing sickness in a morning, and a bitter taste in the mouth. These disagreeable symptoms are readily removed by taking every morning, an hour before breakfast, a dram and a half, or two drams of salts, dissolved in water, half a pint of warm water being taken immediately after: it dilutes the bile, promotes its expulsion from the body, and is a proper means (much more so than emetics) to secure the constitution against fevers, when such diseases prevail.

### *Castor Oil,*

Is a laxative of so mild and safe a nature, that whenever the bowels are costive, so as to require medicine, this remedy cannot be out of place, as it possesses one advantage over every other purgative, which is, that the dose may be gradually diminished, when it is used daily, without any diminution in its effects; and, from this circumstance, it is easy to see that a costive habit may be more effectually removed by it than any other article of a purgative nature. One or two table-spoonfuls is a sufficient dose for most people. It is a laxative peculiarly friendly to the tender bowels of infants.

### *Magnesia,*

Is used only as a laxative, in doses of one or two drams, mixed with a little water; but it is particularly adapted to such constitutions as are troubled with heart-burn, which arises from corrupted acid in the stomach. Magnesia is a laxative in itself, but is much more so when it meets with this acid in the

stomach, and on union with this, its activity depends in a great measure. Mixed with an equal quantity of rhubarb, it is an excellent laxative for children at the breast. The dose may be from five to ten grains, according to the age and constitution of the child.

### *Manna.*

From the sweet taste of this drug, children will often be prevailed on to take it when every other medicine is refused. Two or three drams will prove mildly purgative, and operate without griping, even when the bowels are very tender.

### *Sulphur,*

Has long and justly been celebrated as a certain cure for the itch; and the best method of using it is in the form of ointment, with which a part of the body only is to be rubbed at once, lest too many pores be closed by it at the same time. One half of the body may be rubbed every night for four nights, and it will be proper to anoint the upper and lower parts turn about. The patient should keep on the same linen till the cure is complete.

The ointment is made by mixing one ounce of sulphur with two ounces of hog's lard, and to this a little perfume of any kind may be added, to cover the scent.

### *Bark,*

Is known for its powers as a strengthener in all cases of debility. There is scarcely that disease, in which if a light decoction of bark be given, to the amount of two ounces, twice or thrice a day, it will not do some good, more particularly where a weakness of the stomach forms a part of the complaint. Bark has been particularly successful in that kind of fever termed

ague. It is not necessary in all cases that an emetic or purgative should be first taken ; but it sometimes fails to cure the disease from a want of these ; and, as such a practice could do no harm in any case, it may be regarded as a good general rule, to begin the cure by administering an emetic.

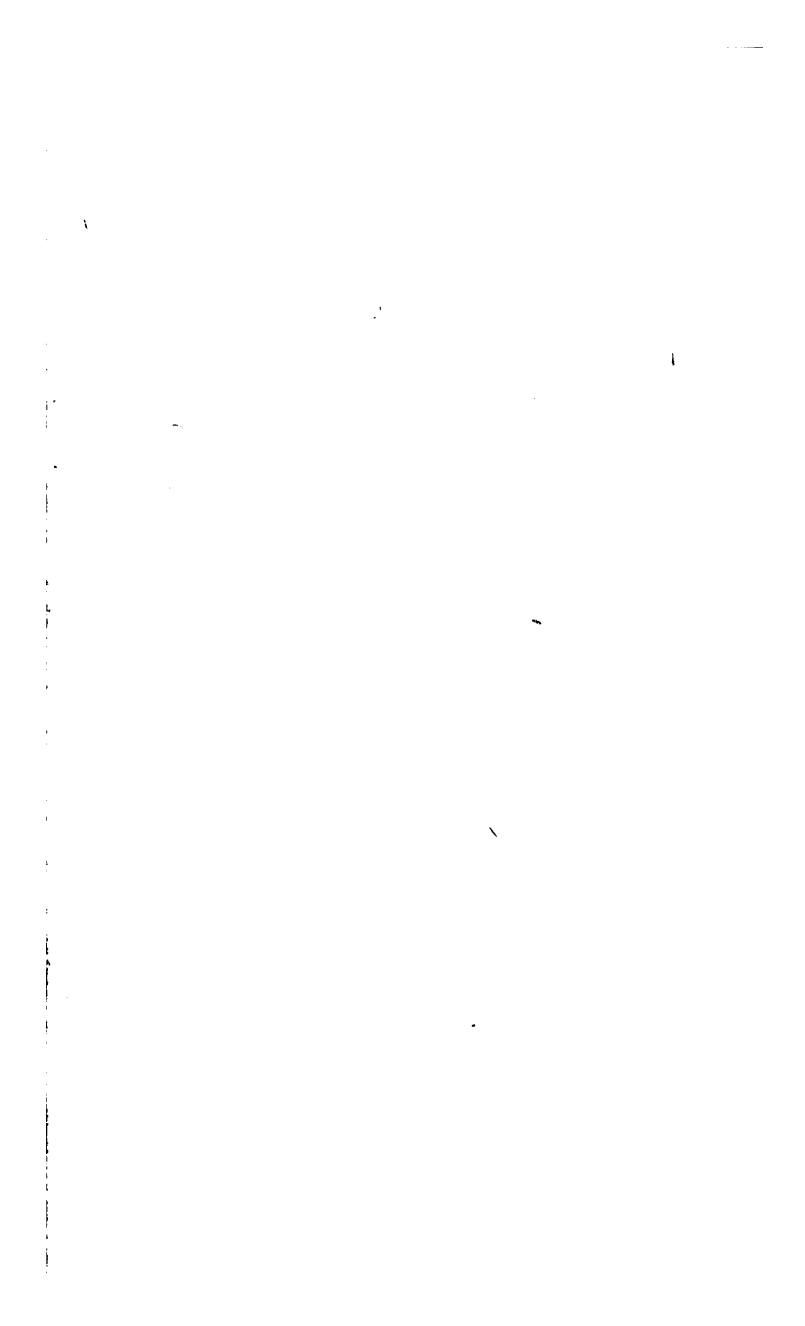
The method of exhibiting the bark, must vary according to circumstances, which can only be specified where the case is present ; but we shall endeavour to lay down such rules as will apply to the majority of cases and constitutions that occur.

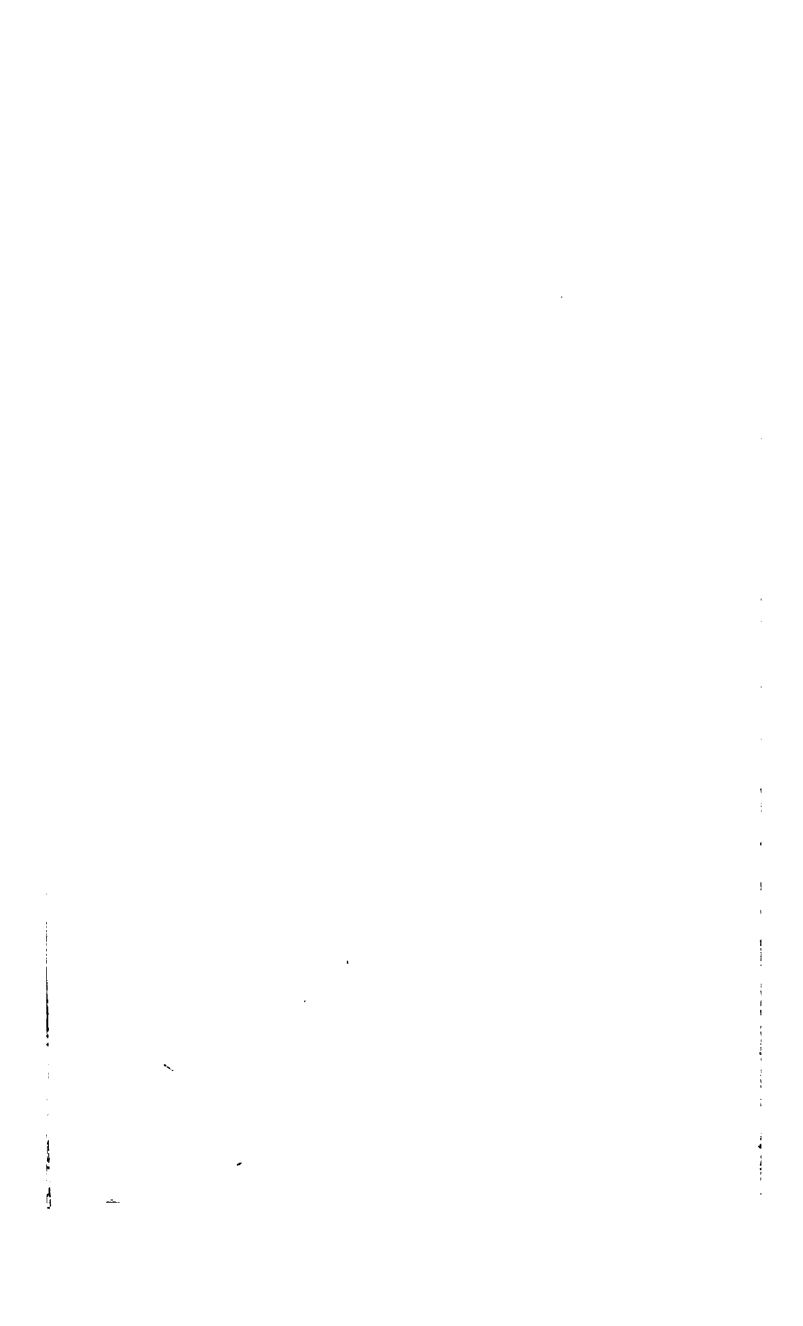
Some stomachs loathe the powder, that will retain the decoction. The best form is that of mixture with port. An ounce and a half of the powder, and two drams of the ginger powder may be added to a bottle of port ; the dose should be an ounce at a time, and repeated as often as can be done in the intervals of the fits. This kind of mixture will mostly prevent sickness ; and if it purges, three drops of laudanum may be added to each dose.

When bark is directed to be taken such a number of times in the day, without regard to any particular time, it sometimes fails to cure. In such cases, as much as possible should be got down immediately before the fit is expected, as the stomach can possibly retain, and this will mostly succeed. If a dose of laudanum, proportioned to the age of the patient, be given, half an hour after the commencement of the hot fit, it will abate its force, and remove more of the disease than an ounce of bark would do.

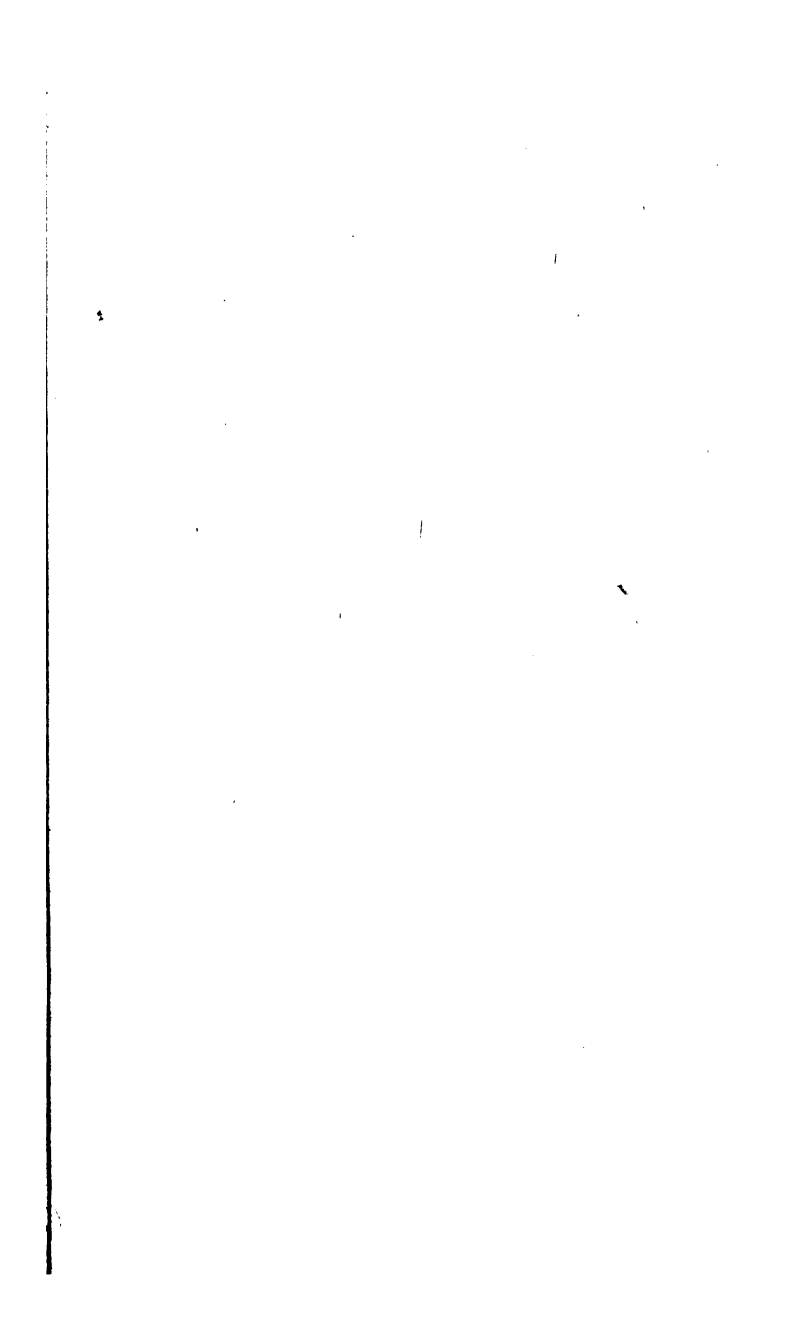
When bark fails in curing agues, it is generally from one of these circumstances ; either discontinuing it too soon, giving it too sparingly, or in an improper form.

*Decoction of Bark*, is made by boiling an ounce of bark in a pint and three ounces of water, for ten minutes, and when cold to be strained.











## APPENDIX.

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### *Epsom Salts,*

Are admirably well adapted to a great variety of complaints. An ounce dissolved in water, and taken early in the morning, is a common, and by no means a bad way of using them. It is better to take this medicine in the morning, in preference to night, as it is often quick in its operation; and it may be observed, with respect to all salts, that they act much better, and with more ease to the patient, when dissolved in a considerable quantity of fluid, and taken in small doses, at short intervals, than when dissolved in as much water only as is sufficient for their solution, and swallowed all at one dose. It is on this principle that the Cheltenham waters are found so certain and efficacious in their operation. In these waters a small quantity of purgative matter is dissolved in a large bulk of fluid; and these, from experience, are found to act best when taken in small doses and often. The method of using Epsom Salts, agreeably to this plan, is, to dissolve an ounce in a pint and a half of barley water, or common water, and to take three table spoonfuls every hour till it has the desired effect. One ounce of salts, two drams of senna leaves, half an ounce of manna, and one scruple of ginger, infused three or four hours in a pint of boiling water, in a close vessel, forms an excellent preparation, and one much used in any case where it is found necessary to open the bowels. This medicine is well adapted where there is any inflammation, as having a tendency to abate this, on account of the peculiar mode of its operation, for it is very clear that all purges have not this power equally. It

is highly proper where the body is bruised, or any way hurt from a fall or violent blow, Three spoonfuls may be taken every two or three hours, till the bowels are sufficiently affected. In hot weather some persons are subject to a redundance of bile, causing sickness in a morning, and a bitter taste in the mouth. These disagreeable symptoms are readily removed by taking every morning, an hour before breakfast, a dram and a half, or two drams of salts, dissolved in water, half a pint of warm water being taken immediately after: it dilutes the bile, promotes its expulsion from the body, and is a proper means (much more so than emetics) to secure the constitution against fevers, when such diseases prevail.

### *Caster Oil,*

Is a laxative of so mild and safe a nature, that whenever the bowels are costive, so as to require medicine, this remedy cannot be out of place, as it possesses one advantage over every other purgative, which is, that the dose may be gradually diminished, when it is used daily, without any diminution in its effects; and, from this circumstance, it is easy to see that a costive habit may be more effectually removed by it than any other article of a purgative nature. One or two table-spoonfuls is a sufficient dose for most people. It is a laxative peculiarly friendly to the tender bowels of infants.

### *Magnesia,*

Is used only as a laxative, in doses of one or two drams, mixed with a little water; but it is particularly adapted to such constitutions as are troubled with heart-burn, which arises from corrupted acid in the stomach. Magnesia is a laxative in itself, but is much more so when it meets with this acid in the

stomach, and on union with this, its activity depends in a great measure. Mixed with an equal quantity of rhubarb, it is an excellent laxative for children at the breast. The dose may be from five to ten grains, according to the age and constitution of the child.

### *Manna.*

From the sweet taste of this drug, children will often be prevailed on to take it when every other medicine is refused. Two or three drams will prove mildly purgative, and operate without griping, even when the bowels are very tender.

### *Sulphur,*

Has long and justly been celebrated as a certain cure for the itch; and the best method of using it is in the form of ointment, with which a part of the body only is to be rubbed at once, lest too many pores be closed by it at the same time. One half of the body may be rubbed every night for four nights, and it will be proper to anoint the upper and lower parts turn about. The patient should keep on the same linen till the cure is complete.

The ointment is made by mixing one ounce of sulphur with two ounces of hog's lard, and to this a little perfume of any kind may be added, to cover the scent.

### *Bark,*

Is known for its powers as a strengthener in all cases of debility. There is scarcely that disease, in which if a light decoction of bark be given, to the amount of two ounces, twice or thrice a day, it will not do some good, more particularly where a weakness of the stomach forms a part of the complaint. Bark has been particularly successful in that kind of fever termed

ague. It is not necessary in all cases that an emetic or purgative should be first taken; but it sometimes fails to cure the disease from a want of these; and, as such a practice could do no harm in any case, it may be regarded as a good general rule, to begin the cure by administering an emetic.

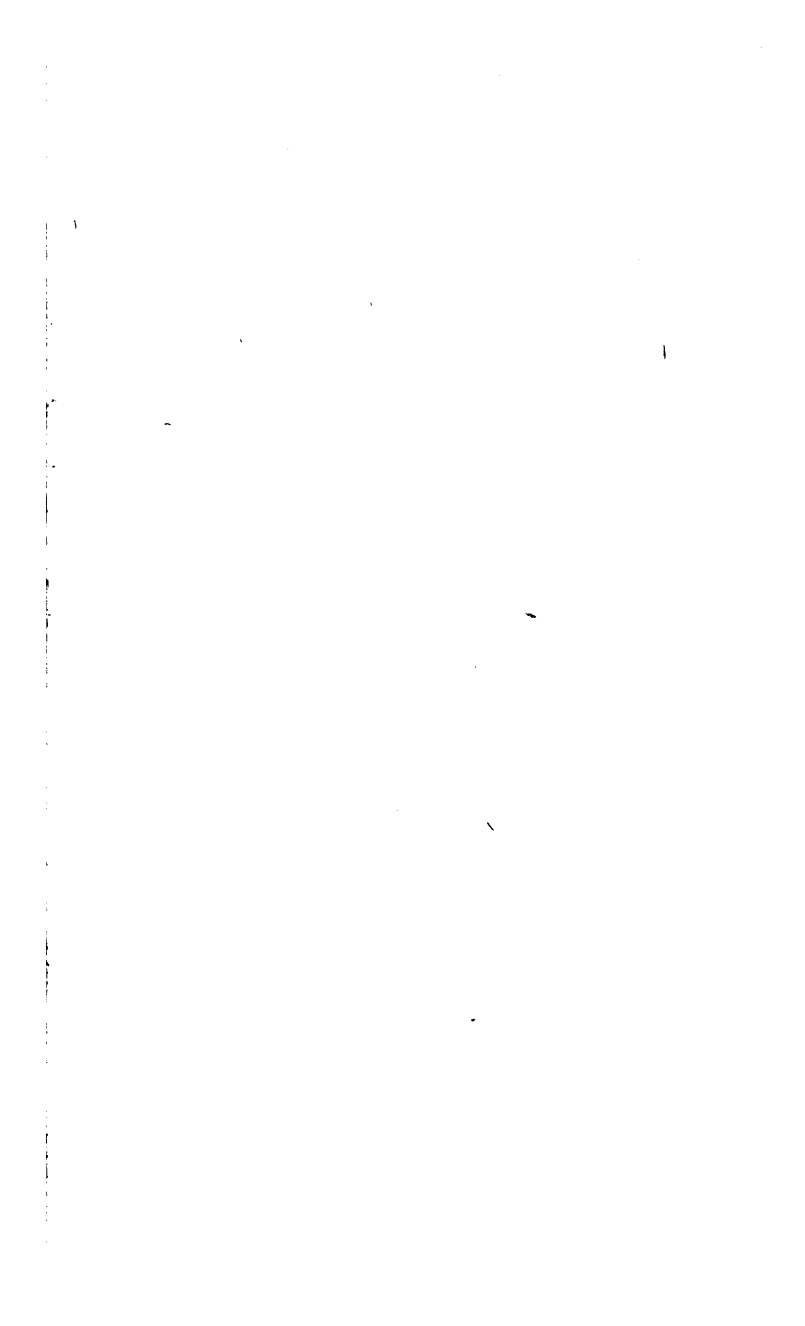
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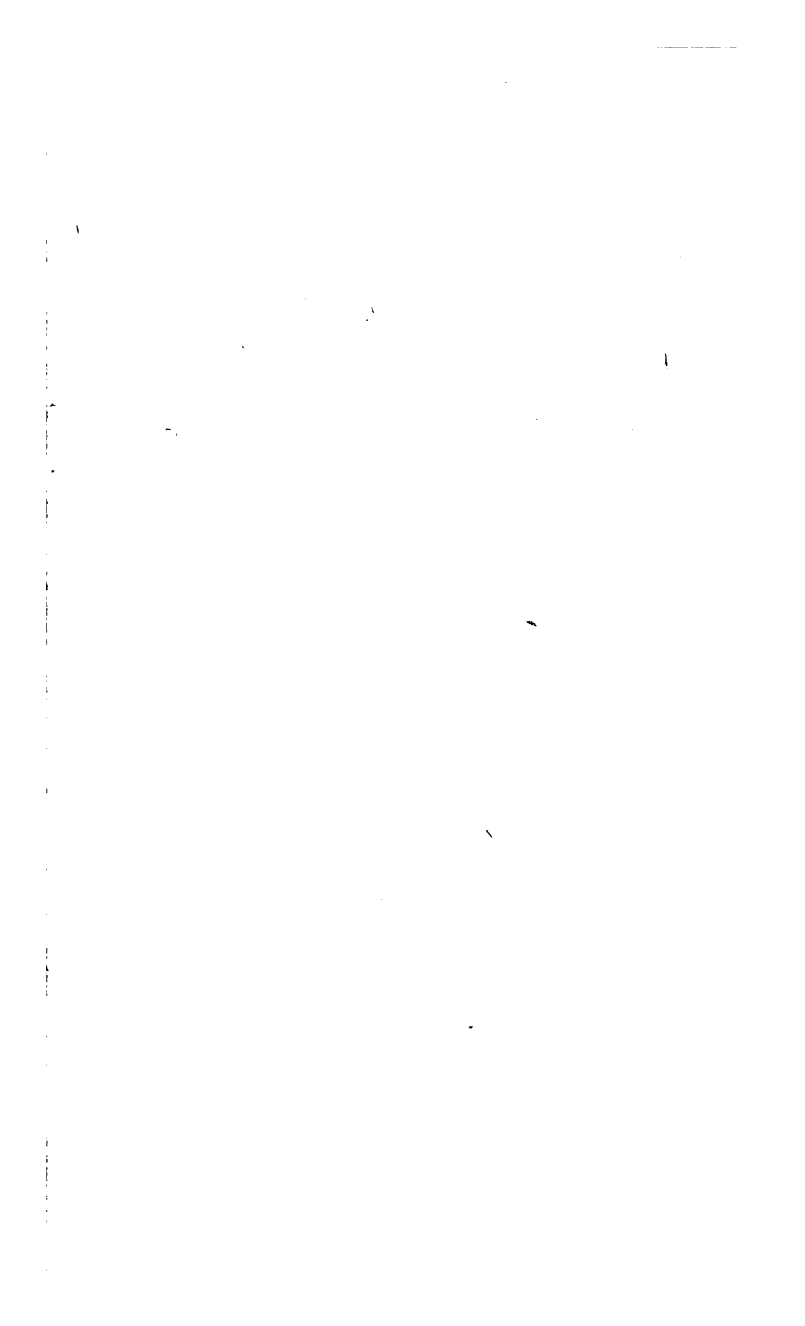
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